

The American Girl



OUR INTERNATIONAL NUMBER, MARCH, 1926

Introducing Our Big April Issue



*You asked for another College Girl story
So here it is—in April*

PLEASE have more college girl stories by Margaret Warde. You know—she's the one who wrote those fine Betty Wales books." Any number of girls—American Girl Assistant Editors—have been writing this to Helen Ferris. So along comes Margaret Warde in our next issue. It is called *The Dud*—the story of a Harding girl whom everyone considered clever and of another girl who—but watch for April.

Have You Solved the Mystery Code?

3d W T from B 10 f W D H

This is the code Dorita and Mariette found pinned to a fence post. This is the key to the mystery. Our next issue will bring you more clues, and more possibilities. If you haven't yet started Augusta Huiell Seaman's story do so today.

These Girls Cooked for the President

You have been waiting for it—the true story of Leona Baldwin, the Vermont Girl Scout who took a turkey to Washington to be cooked there by another girl, Betty Brundage, for President and Mrs. Coolidge. Can you imagine the thrill of that day? In April, one who was actually there will tell you all about it.

Now for Our Southern Athletes!

The girls who made the Vassar basketball team will next be followed by the Southern girls of Hollins College, Virginia, who become members of the coveted Monogram Club there. Out for hockey, splash! into the pool—hurrah for the tennis court—what girls make good athletes at Hollins? You will know when you read this article, all about Elizabeth Saunders, who is one of the finest athletes there.

A Real Adventure Story

You liked Alida Sims Malkus' story in our November issue. You have written Helen Ferris so. You will like *The Rain God's Revenge*, coming in April, even better. No wonder Mrs. Malkus can write such thrilling tales when she herself has lived so adventurous a life as that described here.

Alida Sims Malkus tells her own story

"Out West in riding clothes with my nieces—that is most characteristic of me," writes Alida Sims Malkus.

"At Girl Scout age I spent my summers on the Great Lakes where my people had a long stretch of shore and we swam and rowed and sailed before we were five, I and my brothers. I spent many happy summers, too, in Colorado where I first knew the West and climbed all through the strange rocks of the Garden of the Gods, and rode fuzzy burros, and was impressed by the magnificence of the Rockies even at nine years.

"Then there were summers in the Canadian woods at camp, where we did all the things that girls in camp do today, and made long distance swims, and paddled, and heard the loons laughing on the lake at dawn, and watched the great fish leap, and slept with our feet burning against the camp fire and our eyes blinded by the smoke of the mosquito smudges, and loved it.

"Then, at fifteen, came a winter at Art School in San Francisco, and another phase of the West. Then New Mexico, and long rides through the deep, high forest at snow line, and trips across miragey deserts, and a pony that could wheel on his hind legs and kill a rattlesnake at a jump and never unseat his rider. And visits to the Indian pueblos—and wasn't the color and wonder of all that enough to make one write when they were born talking and describing and loving adventure?

"And living some of it, I might add. For there was the time in Mexico, during the Revolution, when I was marooned at a mine in the heart of Sonora, where no white woman had ever been, where bandits held us up, and I held them from my room and from pilfering my saddle bags and my peccary skin—that I had shot—with my own good little automatic (it didn't have anything in it,



*From a painting of
Alida Sims Malkus and her nieces*

for I had used all the shells at target practice preparing for just such an event); and my long ride out afterwards, right through the rebels' lines.

"After the war I began writing, and since then I've been too busy with my stories and my baby boy to have any other adventures."

The American Girl

"The American Girl" is the magazine for all girls. Tell your friends about it



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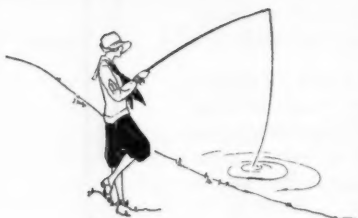
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EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM



Along the Editor's Trail

WHENEVER the time comes for our International Issue, my mail is so exciting. Letters from all over the world, pictures from everywhere, stories about what other girls are doing. It seems that our circle of friends—yours and mine—grows larger every year and I love to think of them all—those girls in other countries. They enjoy so many of the same things we do—they even play the same games and sing the same songs. How can there ever be another war, I wonder, when I remember our many friends—yours and mine? And then I know that we—you and I—these our friends around the world, because we like each other so much, can help in the great task of abolishing all war. For friends, understanding friends, live near each other in peace. And it is not different with nations.

Our International Meetings

Yes, March is the month when Girl Scouts in the United States have international troop meetings and programs and parties for their friends. And this year, we have a new idea—an International Hike described on page 45. There is so much to be done at the International Troop Meeting! The very best way, I have found, is for me to pass on to you the many splendid ideas you have sent in to me and let each troop plan its own program.

You will wish to have an International Program Committee, of course! There will be plenty of time for it to meet and make plans. For roll call, a popular idea each year seems to be reading aloud a message from our International mail-bag on page twenty-six.

If there are not enough messages there to go around, read aloud from one of the interesting articles written for this issue—from Hungary or Java or Honolulu. Probably you will wish to have a map nearby, so that when any country is mentioned, you may find it and imagine yourself there.

Another idea for your roll call—or for a game, if you will make it into one—is to have a Great-Grandparents' Homeland roll call. In this, you tell what country your Great-Grandparents (or several "greats" back, if that is the distance you must go) came from.

Last year, many of the troops played the game of Over-the-Ocean Search. In it, you search over your own home to discover how many things came from other countries. Perhaps you will enjoy playing the game again this year. I did, the other night—and looking about me in our living room, I felt very traveled. There were things from Persia and Turkey and India and China and Germany and France and Spain and Russia! A variation of this game is a Troop Around-the-World Search—how many things from other countries can you discover that you have been using in your troop? You sing songs, play games, do folk dances—how many countries have given them to you? Don't you like the feeling that because people in other countries enjoyed them, you enjoy them today? I do. You might add to this the actual doing—singing of the songs, playing of the games, and dancing of the dances, using in your International Meeting these gifts from many lands.

Oh, yes—and "There you are, Girl Scouts." This is a new game. Several

girls should plan it ahead of time and be ready to do the signaling. Take this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and make a list of all the countries mentioned in it, or those whose pictures are shown. Give each member of the troop a card on which numbers are listed. Out steps a girl who signals the name of the country, once. Then another girl steps quickly out and signals the name of another country. Of course the game is to guess the names—and guess quickly!

I always think Travel is such fun. Let each girl choose the country she would visit if someone were to present her with enough money to start immediately! Perhaps you will wish to choose your country the week before your International Troop Meeting. Then at the meeting, tell the other girls which country you plan to visit, how much it is going to cost you, where you will sail from, what you are going to do there, and what you will bring back for the troop. Such fun! I know which country I would choose—but I shall not tell!

Don't forget our birds and trees and flowers! Which is your favorite? And is it found in any other country? How did it get here? This will make a game for you—seeing which girl can bring in the most interesting story.

Join Hands

At the close of your meeting or your hike, join hands in your friendship circle. Imagine to yourselves that the world is in the center and that you are actually doing what we all do in spirit—joining hands around the world. "God bless my sister Girl Scouts and Girl Guides around the world."

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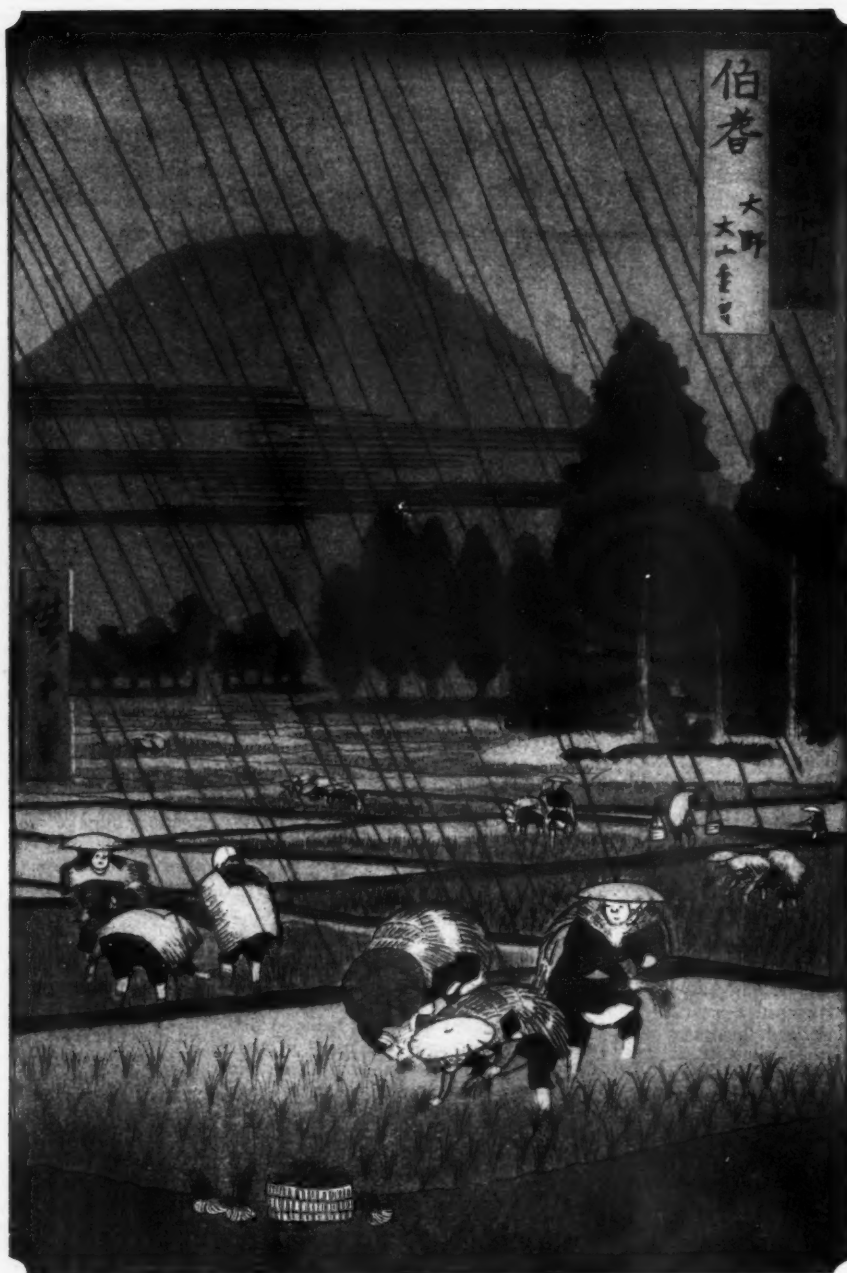
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From a Japanese print by Hiroshige, courtesy of the Yamanaka Galleries

The Little Rain

Oh! she is good, the little rain! and well she knows
our need
Who cometh in the time of spring to aid the sun-drawn
seed;
She wanders with a friendly wind through silent nights
unseen,
The furrows feel her happy tears, and lo! the land is green.

Last night cloud-shadows gloomed the path that winds
to my abode,
And the torches of the river-boats like angry meteors
glowed.
Today fresh colors break the soil, and butterflies take wing
Down brodered lawns all bright with pearls in the
garden of the King.

From "A Lute of Jade" by Tu Fu, an ancient Chinese poet

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, Editor

March, 1926



It was slow climbing. The Marquis stopped often to pant, or to look back at the town

The Goblets of St. Martin

JULIE LAURENT was so busy listening to the story the visitors told that she let the omelet burn, until her mother smacked her ears properly. And Julie, who was sixteen and tall for her age, begged pardon prettily of all the guests gathered round the inn table.

But the guests were busy listening too, so busy that they fell upon the omelet with knife and fork, ate it in large bites, and made no complaint. Julie backed across the kitchen, to the great fireplace where her mother prepared the meals, and there, while Madame Laurent shook her head and scolded, she heard the rest of the tale the brigadier was telling.

What a man for tall stories he was, this Brigadier Gaspard! Just now he was waving his napkin as if it were the flag of France and shouting excitedly, while his four hungry companions leaned forward, their mouths full of food, unwilling to miss a word.

"I tell you that he is smart, *messieurs*, too smart to be human! His name? He calls himself Solomon. Aye, an honest name for a thief . . . not his real name . . . but he uses it as carelessly as if the priest had given it to him! Here, there, like a fly in the kitchen . . . who knows where he'll land next! And steal? Solomon would

Danger menacing the treasure guarded in the castle through generations—and only a young French girl near. What could she do?

By CLARICE DETZER

Illustrations by Frank Schoonover

steal the tower off the castle!"

Julie unhooked a wire basket that looked like an enormous bird cage from the ceiling over the hearth, filled it with lettuce leaves from her apron, snapped shut its door and ran

down the steps to the river gurgling past the back of the inn. She dropped the cage into the water, swished it about, dragged it up, shook it violently, and the lettuce was ready for the salad plates.

For in the province of Normandy, in northern France, where Julie Laurent worked all day long in the kitchen of her father's inn, the food still is cooked over open fires, the guests still eat in the kitchen, and lettuce is washed in a glorified bird cage at the edge of the river. St. Martin is a small village, with one long, crooked street circling the foot of a tall hill, upon which sits the ancient castle of St. Martin. It is a quiet town, and one would doubt that a single stone or slate has been added to its row of houses in five hundred years.

Julie Laurent had lived all her life in St. Martin. It made her weep even to think of moving to any other place. True, she had traveled as far as Rouen, fifty miles east on the River Seine, to visit her cousin Mathilde, and one summer day rode to Mamers with her father to attend

the horse fair. But she was happy to get home to the smoky kitchen of the Hotel of the Golden Lion, home to her shining copper kettles, to the old worn dining table with its heavy linen, and its pert little dessert plates with verses printed on them.

She was glad to get home to Brigadier Gaspard and his stories. A stern old soldier, this brigadier was, who had served France in two wars and now for thirty years performed bravely as chief of the St. Martin post of the gendarmerie, the national police. He made his home at the inn, for his wife had died years before, and the apartment above the police station was a lonely place for one old man. So he let his assistants, Clement and Thibaud, use it for their squalling families, and moved his own sword, his snuff box and crucifix to rooms in the Hotel of the Golden Lion.

He still was talking when Julie hurried back with the lettuce.

"Here is the message from Paris!" he was crying. "Read it, Monsieur le Marquis. You have a grand education and do not stutter over long spellings."

The Marquis of St. Martin, a gaunt, stiff old man with kindly eyes and a hundred wrinkles in his face, came often from his castle atop the hill to sup with his simpler neighbors. He was popular among them for all his fine jacket and his title that he had inherited from a long line of noble ancestors, a title that now since France is a republic is only complimentary. He held a pair of steel rimmed nose glasses before his eyes and picked up the message.

"Make diligent search," he read aloud in a clear, sharp voice, "for Solomon the highwayman. Reports have arrived from Alençon that he is in your territory."

The brigadier puffed out his cheeks and waved his napkin again. Rocher, the horse buyer from Mamers, shook his head nervously as he thought it over.

"What if he should meet me on the road and take my team?" he asked.

"And what if he should stick his head over a fence and cry 'hands up' at me?" the wine merchant shouted. He was a small, fussy man, who came to St. Martin twice a year to sell his goods and was considered a great traveler for he had been as far as Bordeaux. "Should I meet him when a thirst was on him . . . pff! . . . where would be my samples?"

"Or should he hear of the golden goblets of St. Martin!" the marquis spoke sadly. "What if the walls of the castle are high as two men and the gates double barred? This Solomon walks through stone walls as if they were fog, from what you say, my brigadier. What of the seven goblets?"

It was the blind fiddler who spoke next, in a rusty voice. Very quietly he had been supping at the long table, eating

only bread that he dipped in water and carried dripping to his mouth. He was a pale-faced man who wore heavy black glasses over his eyes and a shade above them, and had squeaked his violin in the streets of St. Martin for the first time that morning. Blind fiddlers were common in St. Martin and in the Hotel of the Golden Lion they were always welcome.

"Yet you all are luckier than I!" he moaned. "You could see him and perhaps run. I should be in his arms before I knew it. He'd have the few pennies out my purse with one hand!"

There was much more talk of Solomon. Julie listened thoughtfully to every word. Impossible, it seemed, that a highwayman should be prowling in the neighborhood. Why, no one had stolen so much as a bundle of fagots or a slab of Camembert cheese in the town since she was a very small girl!

When the guests had finished their early supper and the dishes were washed and the copper kettles scoured and hung above the kitchen fireplace, Julie must go at once to the pasture on the hill behind the town to lead home Rozette, the cow. It was just twilight. The cobblestones in the street still rattled with the tread of wooden shoes, and in the public square, at the pump where all the village drew its water, women had set down their wooden pails and were gossiping. In front of the Café of the Sorrowing Saints, the blind fiddler was drawing a squealing bow and urchins danced in the mud to his music.

Beyond, where the street became so narrow that broad eaves nearly met overhead, Julie heard Brigadier Gaspard and the wine merchant telling other townsmen the news about Solomon, warning them to hook their shutters and bar their doors. Rocher, the horse buyer, lounged in the door of the blacksmith shop, complaining to the smith that business was very poor. Sunset color fell still on upper windows.

At the foot of the steep road that led past the castle gate Julie came up with the Marquis of St. Martin, who was puffing toward home, leaning on his cane.

"Come, use my shoulder . . . I'm young," Julie said, "I'll help you up."

It was slow climbing. The marquis stopped often to pant, or to look back at the town. He was talkative tonight, for the tale of the mysterious Solomon had stirred his imagination.

"What a shame that such a rogue is out of chains!" he cried once in his clear voice.

"We have nothing for him to steal at the inn!" Julie said. "What would such a grand thief want with old copper kettles and such stuff! But you, Monsieur le Marquis . . ." she stopped bashfully . . . "You have the seven goblets!"

"Aye," the marquis answered, "so I have." He looked



Our Guests from Across the Sea

A momentous event in Girl Scouting history will take place this coming May. Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders from over the world are coming to the United States for a visit. These leaders, who are members of our International Committee, have been invited by our National Board to come to America for their next meeting and to visit our National Headquarters, our new Camp Edith Macy, our Camp Andrée, and our Cedar Hill.

Do you remember their meetings at Foxlease, in England, two years ago? In April our guests and our own leaders, their hostesses, will have the same kind of good time together, making plans for the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts everywhere—and getting acquainted, too, with all the fun that goes with it.

To you, Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders who will come to us, we extend our cordial greetings. In spirit we have always joined hands with you around the world. Now that happiness shall be ours in deed.

"Welcome!" we cry to you.

at Julie reflectively. "So I have," he repeated, thoughtfully.

All her life Julie had heard of the goblets. Who in all northern France had not? Hadn't they been four hundred years in the marquis' family? Julie had seen them once. Only once. That time all the girls from the parish school had visited the castle and the treasure of the family had been shown to them, the seven goblets of heavy gold. Returning crusaders had fashioned them in the Benedictine monastery at Solesmes of metal captured from the Saracens. The cups on the table at the Golden Lion looked very thick and ugly after Julie had seen the marquis' goblets. And how much they were worth! A million francs at least . . . oh, all of a million! One bowl alone could hold all the milk Rozette gave in a day and it was made of solid gold. They stood on broad, heavy bases and their stems were thin as pencils.

"I should take them to the museum," the marquis said.

"To the museum at Mamers?" Julie cried. "Take the goblets of St. Martin away from our village?"

"Yes, girl! I know! I cannot bring myself to do it. But I am quite alone. . . ."

"Brigadier Gaspard would protect them from Solomon," Julie cried. "He is very brave! He has told me so!"

The marquis laughed.

"Aye," he agreed, "Gaspard is honest and a good policeman. He would be a match even for Solomon."

At his own gate he touched three fingers to his cap, after the habit of Norman gentlemen, and jerked on a brass bell chain that extended over the wall. Far away inside a gong clanged, and a moment later the gate locks rattled and a gardener's boy swung back the panel.

It was quite dark now and rain clouds piled out of the north. They made the steep turrets and broken battlements of the castle of St. Martin look very black against the sky. Julie curtsied to the marquis and hurried on. It was still a long way to the pasture and before reaching it she must pass through a beech wood where the crossroad was difficult to see by night. Rain spattered down as she let herself into the stone-walled field. She whistled between her fingers. But the cow did not come running as it did other nights. Rain tumbled faster. A second time Julie whistled.

"Rozette!" she cried. "You stupid beast, Rozette! Come home out of the storm!"

What had become of that cow? By the Saints, she showed poor judgment to stray on such a night! Julie whistled a third time. Wind followed the rain, whining down from the English Channel, forty miles to the north. Before morning it would carry a salt taste, to remind land dwellers of the sea. But where was that foolish cow? Not in the pasture!

Julie hesitated where the open field met the wood. She wished that she had the spirit of old Brigadier Gaspard. He would walk on alone, no matter how dark! The rain pelted faster and the winds grew.

Here was the place! That hole in the hedge she thought she had patched so carefully! The cow had torn through it. Julie whistled again. How black the night had become! This must be the castle grounds. It would never do to get lost in here. Why, there were wild boar still living in the forest, fierce little tusked pigs that trampled anyone who carelessly got in their way.

"Rozette, you silly! Would you stay out all night?" she cried. "And be eaten by wild boar?"

She fell over a hummock, picked herself up wet, tried to scrape the mud from her hands and plunged on. Cow? Yes, but where was she herself? She looked up through the branches of the tall trees. There were no stars; only winds to confuse her ears and rain to make the earth slippery under foot.

Her mother must have missed her by now. Perhaps she had started to hunt Julie, as Julie was hunting the cow. An hour at least she had wandered. Still only tall trees, blackness, rain, howling winds. And here an open space. What was that sticking up ahead, darker than all the rest of the inky horizon?

"The castle of St. Martin?" she told herself. "Of course, the castle!"

She had come in a circle. She made out again the high walls, the turrets and the broken balconies. It was lighter here, and the gate was just beyond, there across the pond. It was late . . . stupid Rozette should stray in the rain for the rest of the night if she wanted!

And then something moved, there in the gloom ahead of her. What was it? A rabbit? The rain streaked harder and she started to run. There was a path somewhere . . . that wicked Rozette!

The shadows moved ahead. This time Julie was certain. She stopped running and walked toward the castle more cautiously. A man. Near a lower window. The marquis? Why would Monsieur le Marquis be prowling at such an hour on so miserable a night, soaking his white hair and getting the red rheumatics in his back? Surely not the marquis! One of his servants, perhaps . . . Perhaps. . . .

Terror laid hold upon her. She remembered Brigadier Gaspard's story of Solomon the highwayman, remembered the big blustery men at the inn table speaking in low, scared voices at the thought of that clever thief. And she remembered the mes-

sage from Paris. This castle, the goblets—what a prize!

Her feet seemed glued in mud. Neither forward nor backward would they move. The black figure stirred again in the grayer shadows, this time toward her. It paused, not twenty paces off, under the second shuttered window. So deep were the vines close to the wall that she scarce could make out the prowler's shape.

Then a sputter of light. A match. It outlined a pair of thin hands, shielding the flame against the wind. Then

(Continued on page 40)



In front of the Café of Sorrowing Saints, the blind fiddler was drawing a squealing bow

A Mother of the Stream

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

IN a velvet sky the tropic stars flared like lamps. Acrux of the Cross, Bungula of the Centaur, Achernar, the End of the River, and wild, blue-white Canopus flamed down upon the great island of Tasmania. It is a country of lakes and mountains, with valleys like bits of fairyland hidden among spiring, crystalline peaks. In this lost and lovely land, forms of life forgotten elsewhere a million years ago have persisted.

That night there suddenly appeared on the bank of a stream, a female of one of the strangest creatures of that island. Two feet in length, she seemed neither bird nor beast nor reptile but a mixture of all three. As she shot out of the water, her body twisted like a snake, since her ribs were attached to her spine with the movable hinges of a serpent. Instead of the muzzle of a mammal, she had a broad black bill like that of a shoveler duck. Yet her thick, black fur and short tail were unmistakably those of a warm-blooded mammal. On the bank she sat up humpily and slowly ground between the grooved ridges of bone, which took the place of teeth in her strange bill, the shrimps and other little crustacea that she had caught at the bottom of the stream and pouched in the pockets which she wore in her cheeks. As she ate, she showed her kinship to the fowls by swallowing a little gravel to aid digestion. Her meal finished, the platypus, as scientists have christened this bird-beast, combed her thick fur with the curved claws of her webbed feet like a beaver, preened herself with her broad bill as a duck would have done, and finally plunged into the stream, where she swam swift as a fish, with only the tip of her beak showing above the water.

Rounding a bend in the river, she suddenly shot into a

hole in the bank, some three feet under water, the basement entrance to her home, whose front door was another hole hidden in the long tangled grass at the top of the bank. The tunnels from both of these entrances met in a main underground passage some thirty feet in length, along which the platypus hurried until she reached a chamber lined with dry leaves. There on a mass of withered bracken lay a single white egg, about three-quarters of an inch long, with a tough, membranous shell like that of a turtle-egg. With a single coiling twist of her body, the bird-beast wound herself around it and slept through the long heat of the dawning day.

She was still sleeping in the late afternoon when a sudden, tiny movement against the slow throbbing of her single-valved, reptilian heart made her uncoil with the suddenness of a steel spring. There, beneath her soft fur, moved a bare, blind atom of life. Naked, with a broad, gaping bill, it looked, as it struggled out of the imprisoning shell, like some pitiful ugly fledg-

ling. Yet its first movement in the new world in which it found itself was mammalian, for, in spite of its bill, it nuzzled hungrily against its mother's soft breast, like any other baby of the fur-bearers.

At the end of a fortnight the bird-reptile-mammal infant was covered with a silver fur soft as silk, had opened a pair of keen golden eyes and cut a full set of round-topped teeth, which is about all that can be reasonably expected from any two-weeks-old baby. Then, a few days later, the little duckbill had its first swimming lesson. One misty afternoon his mother hoisted him high on her back and started down-stream with him. Little by little she



Suddenly her sharp eyes caught sight of the dark figure of a dingo, skulking along the bank

sank from under him until, as he found himself floating on the surface of the water, he paddled desperately with his forepaws, webbed clear beyond the claws, and, to his surprise, discovered that he could swim. For long trips, however, he still preferred to ride on his mother's back, and the two would speed up and down the stream with their bills just showing above the water, like tiny periscopes. Then came a day, after this duckbill baby had learned the ways of the water, when his mother took him with her far down-stream. There, in a reedy shallow of the river, she groped in the mud at the bottom like a duck, and, when the pockets in her cheeks were filled, came back to the surface to feed, while her cub climbed upon her back and rubbed his sleek head against her fur, giving her little caressing pecks with his broad bill.

Suddenly her sharp eyes caught sight of the dark figure of a dingo, the wild dog of Tasmania, skulking along the bank, and she dived, taking her cub with her, leaving only a tiny line of ripples on the water to mark her flight. Unfortunately for her, the eyes of the dingo are among the sharpest of all the many keen eyes which lurk and peer among the fastnesses of the far South. Moreover, a dingo is always hungry. Wherefore, with the hunting-howl of his clan, this one raced along the bank, following the telltale marks on the water. A moment later, in little groups of twos and threes, the main pack came straggling out of the malee scrub, which looks like dry brush and feels like barbed wire. Most of the wild dogs were of a tawny red, with here and there a black one, and all of them stood low in the leg, with heavy muzzles, and a furtive air which belied their cruel courage.

With the long, loping canter which at the last can run down even the great gray kangaroo, the swiftest animal of the far South, the pack followed the line of fast-moving bubbles until, just at sunset, they disappeared under the shelving bank within which was the platypus home. With a rush, the wild dogs nosed their way here and there through the thick grass beyond the bank until a short yelp from one of them told the pack that he had found the upper entrance to the duckbill burrow. A moment later the sound of digging signalled the mother platypus that death was coming toward her through the dark. Desperately she scurried along the tunnel with her cub, hoping to reach,

before her pursuers, the branch which led to the under-water entrance. That pack, however, had hunted duckbills before, and with the cunning of experience, had located the place where the two paths met and started digging from there, so that the beset bird-beast found her tunnel open to the sky at the fork. Back to her own den she scurried, ready to die fighting, with all the courage inherited from snake and bird and beast.

At that moment, with the wild dogs a scant twenty feet away from her refuge, there suddenly approached a strange and sinister figure. To the wandering dingo pack the little valley was but a detail in a hunting-range which covered half a hundred miles. It was otherwise with the newcomer. The valley was not only his hunting-ground but the home where he had been born and which he was ready to defend with life itself against all invaders.

As the strange beast stepped into the open, he looked much like the gray wolf of the North in size and appearance, save that the lower part of his back and flanks and his long straight tail were striped with black. It was these stripes and his ferocity which had given this killer of the South the name of Tasmanian tiger. With the fanged teeth of a wolf and claws sharp as those of a lynx, he was an opponent which even such a fighting machine as a dingo pack could not afford to disregard.

As a matter of fact, this one gave the pack no option in the matter, for, at the sight of the wild dogs snarling and digging in his hunting-ground, with a spring worthy of the animal whose name he bore, the wolf hurtled through the scrub and rushed upon the pack with the deep bark which is the battle-cry of his breed. The nearest dingo had not even time to shift his forepaws from the hold where he was digging, before he was caught by the throat in the punishing grip of the wolf's deadly jaws and fell back dying. As another leaped to the aid of his comrade, he met a ripping uppercut from talons like curved chisels, which left him gasping his life away on the ground.

In spite of a mean appearance and a skulking manner, the wild dog is
(Continued on page 53)



With the fanged teeth of a wolf and claws sharp as those of a lynx, he was an opponent which such a fighting machine could not afford to disregard



Among these swift, modern vehicles moved fragments of life from old colonial days

Lucy's Valiant Day

On a far off Porto Rican shore, from the golden ribbon of sand, two American girls swim off into tropical waters and real adventure

By MUNA LEE

Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor

LUCY BLAIR ran down the broad stone steps of the huge hotel, her bobbed curls flying and her blue cape revealing a vivid flash of bathing-suit. She stopped beneath the scarlet blossoms and lacy leaves of a flame tree to drink in the sunny, blowing Porto Rican air and revel in the gorgeous colors of land and sea. Beyond a golden ribbon of sand the tropical waters tossed endlessly. The indigo surface of the ocean was strewn with curling wreaths of foam from the waves crashing over a rocky reef which enclosed the little bay. The shore was bright with bougainvillea and "Spanish Banner" and hibiscus. Great clumps of rose-laurel stood tall amid flaming tangles of blossoms. Lucy stooped to pluck a spider-lily, and gestured gaily toward the sea as her cousin Nathalie, one year her junior, skipped out to join her.

"The water is exactly the color of a peacock's feather," said Lucy, watching the splendid blue waves shot through with green light as they broke gently over the sand.

"And it's so cool and warm here at once!" chimed in Nathalie, as the two girls linked arms affectionately. "I thought it was always hot in the tropics, but New York was ever so much warmer than this. Oh, Lucy," she added, squeezing her cousin's arm, "aren't you glad Uncle Tom had to come down a month earlier than he had expected? Aren't you glad he brought us with him instead of making us wait until your mother had rented the house and got everything packed?"

"Yes," said Lucy blissfully. "Of course it will be nice when we go out to the *Central Azucarero*, too. But now it is such fun to stay here with Father at the hotel, and we are learning Spanish, and the bathing is so lovely, and—oh, I do love San Juan!" she ended breathlessly.

"Of course!" agreed her cousin with equal warmth. "Just look over there! It is like living in a picture-book."

Lucy laughed as her eyes followed Nathalie's toward the crowded highway. Broad and well-paved, it ran between attractive residences and park-like "patios." And over it moved a variegated throng, a colorful, mingled picture of the past and the present. Automobiles, large and small, rolled smoothly toward the bridge which led to San Juan proper, the old town with its castles and its *Fortaleza* and the house built by Ponce de Leon. Others swept off in the opposite direction, bound for the pretty homes here in the Condado, the favorite suburb of the island-city.

Among these swift, modern vehicles moved fragments

of life from old colonial days. A donkey with large ears trotted along patiently under great saddle-baskets filled to overflowing with red clay pots and pods of *guingambó*, the dark-skinned *berengena*, or eggplant, native to the tropics, and piles of *name* in rough husks of purple or yellow. The wheelbarrow veered sharply to one side to permit the passage of a resplendent touring-car, and a khaki-colored army machine swept by after it. A tall, pale-skinned *Jibaro*—a peasant from the mountains—hummed to himself as he threaded the traffic. On his shoulders he balanced a long pole strung with innumerable tiny baskets woven of palm-fibre and filled with rosy upland raspberries. The berry vendor paused to call a cheery "*Buenos días, Sena 'Menegilda'*" to an old woman who squatted on the opposite side of the way behind a basket of flowers.

"Did you ever see such narcissus?" breathed Nathalie rapturously, as she noticed the great scented clusters of white blossoms, each flower measuring two or three inches across. There were red and pink roses in the basket, too, a sheaf of scarlet lilies that had been gathered before dawn in the mountains with the dew still upon them, long stalks of tuberose, clusters of gardenia and heliotrope, and inconspicuous sprays of "*dama de noche*" or "Lady of Night." The girls could not see the tiny flowers of the "Lady," but they knew their presence by the intense fragrance that streamed across the dusty street.

When they had tired of watching the passers-by, they turned from the street and walked past the hedge of "match-me-if-you-can" in the direction of the park.

"I do wish I had gone to school in New England like you," Nathalie was saying, reverting to her favorite subject. "You are such a good swimmer," she added, in frank admiration of her cousin's skill. "If they had not packed me off to France to school when Father and Mother died, I would have belonged to the Girl Scouts, too. Then I would know how to camp out and swim and all those things.

But, Lucy," she broke off suddenly, with an anxious glance at the smiling, tropical sea, "don't you think it's dangerous to go swimming here? There really are sharks, you know."

"But they don't come close in," explained Lucy, smiling. "There is no danger so long as one keeps in the water near shore." She stooped to pick up a plump Porto Rican baby which had toddled toward her and tumbled in the sand. It was yelling lustily in sonorous Spanish to its mother, who ran quickly to her offspring's assistance.

"*Gracias, senorita!*" she murmured prettily as Lucy restored her infant after dusting him off. The baby stood staring with round black eyes after the two girls, sucking his thumb in consolation for his mishap. An elderly lady with white hair piled high and surmounted by a great carved tortoise-shell comb looked approvingly at them as they passed her beach-chair, tilting her parasol to one side the better to observe the animated faces beneath the blonde and chestnut curls. "*Muy bonitas,*" she commented to the maid who stood behind her chair.

Meanwhile the girls were eagerly taking in all the color and animation of the beach. Spanish and English were heard indiscriminately. Most people seemed to understand at least a little of both. Several boys were working lustily at building an enormous fort in the sand. Nathalie tugged at Lucy's cape to call her attention to the small sentry standing military fashion with a palm-leaf for a bayonet. He was a handsome child, six or seven years old, with rosy cheeks, soft, brilliant, dark eyes, and a mop of brown ringlets. As he stood there, soldierly and intent upon his task of guarding the fort, he noticed the girls and lifted his palm-leaf in a merry gesture of challenge.

"*Alto ahí!*" he piped out in true military fashion; and his young companions paused in their operations to observe the parley of youthful Juanito with the two *Americanitas*.

"Friends!" said Nathalie, laughing, which Lucy immediately corrected into "Amigas!" Her Spanish was greeted with vociferous applause by the young soldiers. One of them jumped up and shook off the sand, patting Juanito's shoulder.

"He is varree leetle," he explained slowly, evidently considering each word carefully before attempting to pronounce it. "But he varree good soldier."

"Of course he's a good soldier,"

agreed Lucy. "Does he play here often?" she continued. "He come when I come. Is my leetle comrade. But is too brave—*demasiado valiente*. He always want to go far out in water. That is bad. *Tiburones!*"

"Oh, yes, the sharks," Lucy said. ("What did I tell you?" whispered Nathalie.) "But aren't you afraid of them, too?"

"Afraid? *Yo!*" The young commander drew himself up in all the pride of his ten years. "I understand varree well how to swim where are sharks. I splash with my

feet—so! But is still leetle, this Juanito. I take him good care. *Siempre.*"

"Of course you do," said Lucy. "I am glad you are here often. Perhaps we shall see both of you some other time. Goodbye. And goodbye, Juanito."

"Adios!"

Juanito presented arms with his palm-branch and swept the sand with an imaginary helmet. Lucy and Nathalie laughed and walked on. Nathalie was evidently preoccupied.

"You heard what he said, Lucy. There are sharks here. Don't you remember how the boys were swimming in the harbor when the *San Lorenzo* came in, and how they bobbed up in the water all around the ship calling to the passengers to throw down nickels for them to catch? They say that every year two or three boys get caught by sharks while they do that!"

"Of course that's dreadful," Lucy returned. "And I don't doubt in the least that it's true. But the harbor is deep water. Of course it's teeming with sharks. Nobody ever swims there except those boys, who seem to bear a charmed life. At least those who don't get caught seem to have it! But the water here at the park is not deep unless one goes beyond the danger-line, out toward the reef." She pointed toward the dark line of rocks, plumed with tossing foam, "There is no doubt that it is very dangerous out there. Only last month a shark was caught by some fishermen near San Juan. When it was cut open they found a ring in his stomach and the high heel of a shoe—"

"Oh, Lucy, don't," Nathalie cried with a shudder.

"I'm only saying this so you will know that I understand the danger. Miss Gordon always said (Miss Gordon was her beloved Girl Scout leader back home) that there is all the difference in the world between rashness and

true courage. She said that to plunge into needless danger through a desire to show off is really low and despicable. I should never dream of going into water where there was peril from sharks just to have people say how daring I was. But there is really no danger here. This is the most popular bathing beach in San Juan, or in Porto Rico, for that matter . . . Everybody goes in with perfect safety. The only accidents have been when someone has gone out



"*Alto ahí!*" he piped out in true military fashion

beyond the danger-line. Of course there are sharks out there in the deep water, and barracuda and swordfish and—"

"Well, you know much more about it than I do," Nathalie replied, still a little dubious.

"Indeed I do!" answered Lucy merrily. "I had a bowl of goldfish once and learned all about sharks from them!" Nathalie laughed so heartily at this that she forgot to be afraid. The girls flung themselves down contentedly on

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"The mark of the tread on the tires of the wrecked car is exactly what Mariette has just described"

The River Acres Riddle

NOTHING ever happens here on this farm with only Grandpa and Mrs. Rohrback!" sighed Dorita, sixteen, to her sister, Mariette, seventeen.

It was a lonely old New Jersey farm by the river—small wonder that the girls often longed for more excitement. Yet just at this moment of Dorita's fresh rebellion, the two girls espy

a flutter of white on a fence-post by the road. Running to it, they read: 3d W T from B 10 f W D H.

A code! What does it mean? What can it mean? Then Dorita remembers. "Last night," she says, "I was awakened by a light shining in my eyes from just this spot. After a while I heard a car drive away. I was too sleepy then to wonder why a car should be stopping there."

But now—the girls search eagerly and are rewarded. There, before them, lie the tracks of the automobile, clearly defined, and the print of a man's foot. The girls decide to keep the matter to themselves, not even telling their good friend, Dick Haydon. And they remove the paper from the post. "Because if it was put here so conspicuously, someone will come after it. And we'll see who it is."

That night, they sit up and keep watch. At midnight, they see a wavering light glimmering by the fence-post. They turn their flash on it and two men with hats pulled down slink furtively into the shadows of the bushes.

3d W T from B 10 f W D H—this is the code Dorita and Mariette discovered on a lonely fence-post, such is the puzzle they are endeavoring to solve in this, our new serial

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by Harrison McCreary

CHAPTER III

Some Theories—and a Few Certainties

IN the agitated interval that followed their latest discovery, the two girls offered each other many explanations of the mystery, while they kept watch the long night through for further develop-

ments. At first they had been so astounded and so frightened that they had all they could do to keep from screaming aloud for help. Only the instant realization of its futility kept them silent. Their grandfather would have been alarmed but comparatively helpless and the shock of it might have done him irreparable damage. There was no one else. The region had never been molested by stray tramps, being too far from the railroad to attract undesirable characters. And the girls had never known the meaning of fear. But this was another matter.

Dorita offered the first theory about it as they crouched by the window and watched and waited.

"Now I know what it was all about!" she declared triumphantly. "Some set of thieves is planning to rob the house. And that queer paper we found had been left by one of their gang to tell them this was a good place to rob. And they were looking for the mark when we discovered them."

"Stuff and nonsense!" scoffed Mariette. "To begin with, would anybody be so senseless as to imagine that this house had anything in it worth risking so much to get? They've only to look at the outside of the place to see what a shabby old affair it is. And if they still had any suspicions that we might be harboring great wealth within these unlikely walls, they'd probably make some inquiries down around the village and discover that we were poor as church mice. No, indeed! It isn't that, and I'm somehow positive it isn't anything to do with us personally. But what I'm wondering is, if they're coming back again tonight."

"There's just one way to settle that," decided Dorita, "and it's to sit here all night and watch—and I'm going to do it."

"Well, I think you're right, and of course I'll stay with you," agreed her sister. "I reckon we gave them a good scare, though, and I doubt if they'll dare to come back. And I, for one, had just as lief they wouldn't. Tell you what—I have a scheme. We'll keep flashing the light on around that place every few minutes or so and I warrant they won't dare to show themselves again in this place in a month of Sundays!"

The plan appealed to them both and they wore the night through in this fashion, flashing on the light every little while and illuminating the region of the post and quite a radius around it as well. Toward morning, nothing having occurred, they both yawningly admitted that they were dead with fatigue and yearned only for bed. So, with the first faint approach of daylight, they abandoned the vigil and tumbled into their beds, shrewdly guessing that the midnight visitants would certainly not risk being seen by daylight and had probably long since abandoned their quest.

They both slept long and late that morning, and Mrs. Rohrbach came up indignantly to rout them out of their pillows, declaring that breakfast had twice been prepared and gotten cold on the table and that she had her cleaning to do and wasn't going to wait around for them any longer.

"There's one thing that puzzles me," whispered Dorita as they were finishing a hasty, uncomfortable, and half-cold breakfast. "Did you notice that those two last night were bending over something that one of them held in his hand and were evidently discussing it? Now, I wonder what it could have been."

"I have an idea," said Dorita, "but I can't be sure. Come out to the fencepost and we'll look around."

They scurried out, and Dorita went down on her hands and knees by that particular post, groping all about in the sand and grass at its foot.

"Whatever are you looking for?" cried Mariette impatiently, but Dorita only got to her feet, dusting off her sandy hands and nodding her head.

"It's just as I thought," she chuckled. "They're gone!"

"What are gone?" demanded Mariette, crossly. "I do wish you wouldn't speak in riddles—it'd save so much time!"

"The thumb-tacks!" added Dorita, still chuckling good-naturedly. "That's what the one of them had in his hand and they were both looking at and talking over. Don't you see? They must have known this thing was to be tacked

up just about where it was. And when they couldn't find it where they expected, they hunted all around at the bottom of the post and found those tacks. You remember we just left them lying there yesterday when we pried the thing off. And they had those tacks in their hand and were talking about them—when we flashed on the light. Probably they realized that someone had discovered the paper and taken it down and left the tacks there. And then they took the tacks away themselves, for some reason or other, I can't think what, unless they didn't want them left around to be seen any longer. What do you think of my explanation?"

"It seems perfect," Mariette had to acknowledge. "Only it doesn't help us out very much."

"Everything helps out," declared Dorita sagely, "by being just one more link in the chain. My gracious! I feel as if we were living in a regular live detective story! But what had we better do now? Don't you think we ought to tell Mr. Farwell, the sheriff, and have someone come up here and see what's the matter?"

"Oh, don't let's do that yet," begged Mariette. "That would spoil everything right away. The whole town would be right up here tramping around and Grandpa would be all up in the air, and after everything had been all messed up, the whole thing would die out and nothing ever come of it. No, I'm for waiting a little longer and seeing if anything else happens."

Dorita was relieved. She hadn't herself wanted to drag anyone else into it yet, and was glad that Mariette, on whose decisions she always leaned, had counselled their keeping it secret a little longer. "I have a scheme, then," she said. "We haven't been to the village in two days and we ought to get the mail, and besides, we might hear

something there that would give us some further clues. And yet, I don't think we ought both to be gone from here at the same time. Something might turn up here and we'd never know it. You take the Ford and go to town and I'll stay here and watch the place and just see if our two visitors of last night would dare to come back by day."

The plan appealed to Mariette, and twenty minutes later she was chugging out of the yard in the rickety little Ford, having first ascertained from Grandpa Allen that she might do so. As he had indeed quite forgotten the episode of the broken fender and was worrying over a Latin dictionary he had mislaid, he gave consent in his usual absent-minded fashion. Dorita helped him find the dictionary (which it appeared he had been using as a footstool under his desk!) and then posted herself at her window, well out of sight from the road, but in a position to see and hear all that might go on there.

She had a long morning's vigil without any results and a difficult time with Mrs. Rohrbach, who wanted to clean the room and was proportionately indignant at being requested to alter her usual sacred, weekly routine and do some other room just at that period. There was no other room from which Dorita could so successfully survey the road unseen, and she did not want to give it up just at this crisis.

"It's up to something, you two are!" muttered Mrs. Rohrbach, slamming the door as she stalked off to do Mariette's



"It's up to something, you two are!" muttered Mrs. Rohrbach

room instead. "And it's me that's going to keep an eye on ye!"

Mariette came back at noon, bursting with excitement and news.

"What happened? What's the matter?" whispered Dorita in the hallway, just as Mrs. Rohrbach rang the bell for lunch.

"I'll tell you afterward—something important," muttered Mariette as they went into the dining-room. And the meal was eaten in an atmosphere of strained silence, broken only by Grandpa asking if there had been any mail for him. And afterward the two girls decided to camp out on a screened corner of the veranda and watch the road from there, as the cleaning of Dorita's room could no longer be averted.

"It's just by chance that I happened to hear this," whispered Mariette when they had settled themselves, "and it may not have a thing to do with this affair. But somehow I couldn't help thinking of it in connection with our puzzle, the minute I heard it mentioned."

"Well, do stop talking so much about it, and tell me what it is!" demanded Dorita impatiently.

"Just this. I was in Ketcham's shop, getting the chops Mrs. Rohrbach asked me to, and Jim Claymore was standing right beside me waiting for his turn. Suddenly I heard him ask Mr. Ketcham if he'd heard about the accident over at Abercrombie's farm night before last. Ketcham said yes and then they began to talk about it in a scrappy sort of way, so that it was hard to get much of a story straight from it. But it seems that a man had been driving a car at a terrific rate past the farm that night and evidently didn't know about the sharp turn in the road just above there. And he had crashed straight into a tree at that turn and smashed the car all up and was seriously hurt himself—not so much in his body as his head, somehow. He's had concussion of the brain and is lying at Abercrombie's in a queer state. He is conscious but can't remember anything or who he is or how he came to be where he was—or anything."

Mariette stopped impressively and Dorita exclaimed, "Well, that's too bad, of course. But I don't see what it can possibly have to do with our affair."

"Then you're stupider than I ever gave you credit for!" declared Mariette scornfully. "Do you realize where Abercrombie's farm is?"

"Certainly. About two miles from here, on the other side of the river."

"And do you realize when it all happened?"

"You said it was the night before last—quite late."

"Well?"

There was a long silence. Sud-

denly, "You don't mean you think it might be the same one who—who put the paper on our fence-post?"

"Why not?" said Mariette, quietly.

There was a gasp from Dorita and then another long silence. Suddenly she broke out anew:

"Then—then he must have tacked the paper on our fence-post before he—had the smash-up."

"He couldn't very well have done it *afterward*!" grinned Mariette. And both girls giggled hysterically.

CHAPTER IV

A New Factor

"I tell you, Mariette, we're making a mistake in trying to puzzle this thing out alone," declared Dorita, later that afternoon when they had hashed and re-hashed over the clues they now possessed and could make no more of it than they already knew. "Don't you think we ought to tell somebody and have outside advice about this? I didn't want to at first, but now I confess, I'm stumped."

"Whom would you think we ought to tell? Grandpa, the Sheriff, Mrs. Rohrbach?" asked Mariette, still loath to part with the secret.

"None of them. But there's one person we might let into it who could be a lot of help and yet not spoil the whole thing for us as any of those others would," mused Dorita.

"Well, who is it?"

"Why, Dick Haydon, of course. I was almost a mind to tell him last night,—don't you remember?"

"But Dick's busy all the time down in Culver's real estate office," objected Mariette. "What time would he have to help us with it?"

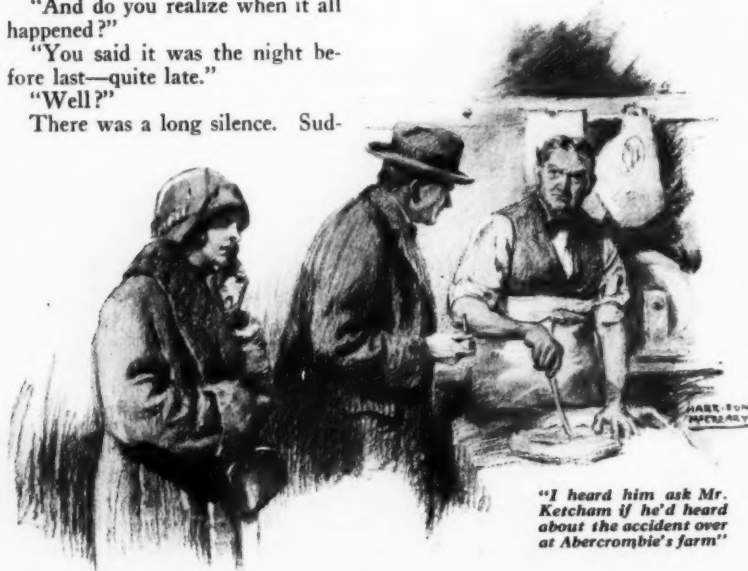
"He could come up here evenings and talk it over and hear all about it and he has Saturday afternoons and Sundays. I guess that's time enough. And I'm getting really worried for fear there's something serious about all this that we haven't realized."

"Perhaps you're right. I'll drive down to the village again and get the late afternoon mail and stop in and tell him to come over this evening as we've something important to tell him. He said last night that he was coming over soon, anyway."

Mariette was as good as her word and while Dorita kept vigil alone again, late that afternoon at *River Acres*, she drove Mrs. Rohrbach down to the village as the latter was anxious to do some errands of her own, and took the opportunity to slip into Culver's office and leave her message with Dick. He assured her that he had been intending to come over that evening and was devoured with curiosity to know what they wanted to tell him. But Mariette would give him no satisfaction on that score, till a more convenient time for the conference.

He came that evening as he had promised, driving up in the late dusk, and finding the girls sitting by the river, apparently watching the sunset and afterglow, but in reality keeping a sharp eye on the road and on the particular fence-post that had been the center of so much mystery. Still sitting there, on the long rustic bench by the river-side, they gave him the history of their secret and showed him the curious bit of paper which he examined by the light of a pocket-torch he always carried. He heard them through without much comment and spent a long while poring over the mysterious code on the half-sheet of letter-paper.

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"I heard him ask Mr. Ketcham if he'd heard about the accident over at Abercrombie's farm"

Hawa of Haussaland

Africa—land of walled towns and strange customs—there last year, Erick Berry discovered this story of the girl Hawa and made these pictures for us



SAILING from Liverpool last November I landed two weeks later at Lagos on the West African coast, just where the map curves in, if you remember how the map of Africa looks. Then I took a funny little train that rattles along for two days and three nights, and then another train, up through the hot, steamy, green jungle, and then to the bare, brown uplands of Northern Nigeria. Finally, after many adventures I came to Bauchi town, where Hawa lived. Northern Nigeria is the home of the Hausa people, charming, Oriental, graceful.

One evening we sent over to the native town and asked to have a man and a woman come to the British Government house, that I might ask the woman to tell me of Hausa customs, and how other women lived way out there. They came—the man very tall, in a flowing white robe and a big white turban, and the woman, very smiling, very gorgeous in her brilliant colors and flashing brass jewelry. The man bowed to the earth many times and removed his soft, red slippers as a mark of respect for the white people. Then both knelt in the dust by the steps of the house and told us, in the Hausa language, all about the life of a Hausa girl, how she is betrothed, what are her games and her household duties, what she wears and eats and plays. So here is the story of Hawa of Haussaland, as I myself heard it in Haussaland.

Long ago Hawa's great-grandparents had swept down, on their Arab ponies, from the valley of the Nile and conquered all the northern part of Nigeria, which is where the Niger River flows. They drove the black cannibals of that country back into the hills and built themselves great towns with thick walls of baked red mud, and raised corn and sheep and goats in the rich country lying round about.

It was inside a walled town named Bauchi that Hawa lived. Here were wide streets and open spaces with ponds of water where water lilies grew, where the long-legged ibis stood all day, hunting for frogs, and where tall palm trees bent over and were reflected in the still, muddy water. Hawa's house was small and round and of red mud, baked very hard in the hot African sun. It had one circular room and a roof of thatch that looked like a comical

By ERICK BERRY

Illustrations by the author

peaked cap, set on rather sidewise. You went through this tiny house as through a doorway and out the other side into an open court, where were more little houses opening off, like separate rooms.

There was neither door nor furniture, just a sort of platform of hard earth, where the straw mat on which one slept at night was unrolled. The cooking was done over an open fire in the courtyard. When Hawa, which means eve in the pretty language of her people, was very small, she rode in a sling of cloth tied below the shoulders of her mother. Here she slept all day, her head nodding in the sun as her mother did the work of the household or gossiped in the market. She was a pretty baby and a good one. Her big, dark eyes were underlined with kohl to make them look even larger, and there were tiny rings of brass in her ears. Her black skin was as shiny as satin. She was one of many, many children in the household, for her father had three wives, as is the law in that country.

When Hawa was seven years old she had already learned many of the duties of the house. Her older sister of fourteen could do all the work of a grown woman. She learned to spin cotton for thread, and when she had spun enough for a cloth, she would take it to the village weaver and he would make her cloth for a dress. Hawa learned to wash the big earthenware cooking pots in which the corn cakes were mixed. She could beat out the corn with a heavy stick in a hollowed tree trunk, working in rhythm with two other girls while they sang a funny song to keep time to. Hawa's people had a very limited diet, measured by our taste. Chickens, beef and mutton sold in raw slabs in the open market and cooked on a spit in small pieces over the open fire—paw-paws, which taste like just nothing at all, eaten raw or cooked, and corn cakes—these made up their two meals a day.

Hawa never had any dolls. I'm sure she never even saw one, but she and her best friend, Asamoa, had very jolly times together. There was a game that the girls played. The old *mallam*, the teacher, would beat on a little rawhide-covered drum, patting it in rhythm with one hand and in the other holding a stick like an overgrown crochet hook. The old man, fussy and important in his long white robe and huge white turban over a fez, was a sort of master of ceremonies—but the girls were almost too much for him. As soon as he would get them started in a nice orderly dance, they would burst into storms of delighted giggles and break up into smaller and smaller groups, dancing faster and more wildly all the time. The dance consisted of a long line of young girls clapping their hands and shouting in rhythm to the drumming. The two



end girls danced toward the center and dropped back limply into the waiting arms of the two center girls, who stood them on their feet again in time to the music and pushed them into the line to clutch the next two that came along. The long line would finally break up into dozens of small groups dancing furiously, clouds of golden dust rising from the hard packed earth, stirred up by dozens of stamping bare brown feet, the shouting becoming more and more hysterical, the music faster and faster. At last the *mallam* would clap his hands, and, shoving the girls apart, order them to run home and do their work.

The two girls went every morning to the house of the *mallam*, where for a few hours they learned to read and to write. This lasted only a short time, for the Haussa people believe that if a woman knows too much she will not be content after she is married, because she will think she knows more than her husband.

Sometimes they wandered, Hawa and Asamoa, outside the walls of the town. The country outside was very lovely. Tall, yellow grass, taller than the girls, waved in the hot wind, the burning African sun shone down and the road that wound off across the hills was scorching in its heat, and almost empty. Even the natives of Africa, who are supposed not to mind the sun, do most of their traveling by night, especially on moonlight nights. There were sudden little hills, and high mountains where the bush fires burned all night long against the sky. In the winter months there was no cold and no rain, but in the summer it rained all day long, the mud became very deep, and the grass and the tall palm trees grew green again.

The two girls looked very much alike. They wore no shoes or stockings. Their thick, kinky hair was dressed once in two months or so by the *kitsa*, the village hairdresser. Parted into twenty squares, the hair from each square was greased with butter and was then twisted and braided till it was very stiff. On gala days the girls wore Christmas tree ornaments of colored glass, or a row of cowrie shells in their hair, and over this a turban of twisted brilliant colored cloth. In their ears were huge rings of brass, and some of the girls also wore a nostril ring of flat brass. Hawa had a necklace of flat pieces of aluminum, bought from a trader, of which she was very proud. Its silvery brightness looked like some new precious metal against her smooth black skin.

Their dresses were a single garment of Manchester print cloth wound tightly around the legs, like a wrap-around skirt. From the waist up they wore no clothing at all, but on Fridays, which is the day of prayer for the Mohammed-

dan Haussas, they wore skirts of cotton Haussa cloth from Zaria, dyed dark blue and embroidered with brilliant colored yarns. Around the head gleamed a silk handkerchief of gorgeous colors and bangles of blue glass on the arms and ankles. Both girls had their pretty pointed fingers and palms of their hands stained red with henna, and their eyes underlined with kohl.

One day late in the dry season, Hawa and Asamoa had climbed to the top of the city wall. Back of the wall the earth was banked up, and along its top grew little palm trees. The girls lay under the shade of the trees, and leaning on their elbows, watched the traders coming along the winding road from the station, a mile away. There was a long line of donkeys with packs on their backs, funny, stupid animals sometimes breaking away from their drivers and rushing off frantically into the bush, leaving their loads in the dusty road. Hawa pointed to a line of camels approaching the town. Few camels came through Bauchi—these must belong to some Arab trader from across the Great Desert to the north.

Hawa leaned further over the wall to watch a group of traders passing in at the gate. Then one of them looked up and smiled at her with a flash of white teeth in his black face. Hawa drew back, giggling. She would have blushed only her skin was too dark to show it.

"Let's go home, Asamoa!" she said, and scrambled to her feet. They started back down the embankment. When they reached the gate the young man was still there. Hawa nudged her friend.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Oh, that's only Suli, the son of the Alkahali, the Judge," exclaimed Asamoa impatiently, but Hawa looked back again and smiled at him.

He was very tall and very straight and wore a white turban cloth wound round and round his fez. His white riga, a long robe, was of unbleached muslin beautifully embroidered in white, and its huge sleeves were folded back to the elbow for freedom of movement. His hands and feet were stained with henna and underneath his eyes was a dark line of kohl. Hawa thought him very handsome.

That evening in the market she saw him again. She was carrying a huge calabash on her head filled with tomatoes. The little red, round, hard fruits filled the bowl to the brim and the load was heavy, but Hawa had always carried heavy loads on her head, and she walked with a beautiful, easy swing. She was chewing on a kola nut. Suli smiled at her and held something out in his hand. She stopped and looked. It was a pretty bangle of hammered brass.

"It came from Jos, from the market," explained Suli. "Will you wear it?"

Hawa took it, slipped it on her arm, and then, frightened, she ran away. After all she was only ten years old.

That night Suli went to his father. "Father," he said, "I have seen a girl that I want for my first wife. I will finish my work in the English school in three years. This girl is still young, but if we are betrothed now, I can marry her when my studies are finished."

The Alkahali was the Judge of Bauchi town, and a very important man. He thought a while and answered.

"You are young yet, my son, and it is soon for you to choose a wife. But it is good for a man to settle early in life. I will have speech with the father of the girl and then, if the girl is willing, we shall see."

"She is Hawa, the daughter of Audu, who lives near the eastern gate of the town," explained Suli. "I have

(Continued on page 48)



An American Girl Goes to Java

JAVA! A lovelier place was never seen. Think, for instance, of its artistic green rice fields and graceful palm trees against the light, its long and shady roads with trees, flowers and ferns bending as if to say, "Be happy with us, dear friend!"

Its cool and fragrant rains seem to leave the whole world clean and sweet. And oh, the evenings! The heavenly evenings. The kind that make you sing for pure joy. Nothing could be finer than walking under a roof of silver stars with some dear friend beside you.

As I sit on the verandah, sewing or reading something entertaining, a peddler comes by. Not the kind you have in America, but one much more romantic, just a bamboo stick set on his shoulders with a piece of string hanging from it, tied to some baskets. Walking rapidly, he yells *roti* or *batie*, or something on that order. When he approaches my house, he looks at me with longing eyes and asks me to have a bit of *roti*. The poor fellow sometimes even kneels on the doorstep and makes signs to say that he never gets any money, until your heart softens and you give him money for some *roti*, not because you really need it but just to see him go merrily off saying in a cheerful voice, *tabee*, which means in our language, *goodbye*.

Often when you're "up country," as they say here, you come upon a native market. All the natives then rush into the market and bring out something like mangoes, cocoanuts, papayas or even a little cucumber, and they all stand around with their odd fruits and vegetables and say

Last year Barbara Jenkins, then in the United States, wrote a splendid story for our Pioneer Contest. Now she is in Java, Dutch East Indies, and from there sends this story of what she is doing. Don't you wish you were with her?

By BARBARA JENKINS

Age 10, formerly a Brownie in Pullman, Washington



something in Malay. Then you're to tell them you have no money—and they all laugh at that because they think white folks have no end of money. Then you drive on.

As you come into the city, you will hear a lot of jangling bells, and will find that they are on nothing but pony carts. There are a great many different kinds of pony carts. One kind holds just one person. Another kind is meant for two or three. And then come some that have two seats. About four people can get into them, but they are driven by two horses instead of a pony. Then on comes a private cart. It is really supposed to be called a coach. It looks very old-fashioned because it has a big place where the driver sits, and then you step down to come to the place

where the passengers are. There is just a half roof over the passengers, and the driver sits and slashes his whip over the poor horses right in the sun.

I suppose everyone would like to know some of the habits of the Dutch people here. I know that is about the main thing I like to know when I come into a foreign country. Everybody has tea in the afternoon. I suppose that about all people in America have tea, too. But that is not the only thing I mean. For an example, when any person has been out for a walk or is tired or is just sitting, he orders some kind of drink to be served. This doesn't mean just tea time but all other times from six o'clock in the morning to one o'clock at night he will do it. In the hotels cold drinks are served all day.

(Continued on page 53)



When Barbara Jenkins takes a trip through the native quarters of Batavia, she sees markets such as these with mangoes, cocoanuts, papayas, and other odd fruits and vegetables



The automobile adds a modern—and perhaps an American—note to the quaintly primitive native street in Batavia where it now competes with native pony carts jingling with bells



These fanciful sketches suggest some delightful old fairy tale, but in fact they illustrate "Moments in a Girl Scout's Life," and were postal cards drawn by a young Hungarian leader

The Hungarian Girls Greet You!

Sent by MARY LINDENMEYER

Foreign Correspondent of the Hungarian Girl Scouts, Budapest, Hungary



GREETINGS to all of you from the Girl Scouts of Hungary! We, too, are working to start a girls' magazine and we shall send it to you when it is published. Your International Number of last time was extremely interesting. We read your excellent AMERICAN GIRL with the greatest pleasure and are looking to it monthly with eagerness. I don't think there is any magazine which can beat it. After having read it from the first letter to the last, we give it to our Girl Scouts who are delighted with it. I am now looking for some subscribers, hoping to do this with success.

Will you kindly accept a series of our first Girl Scout postcards, a work of one of our Guiders who is an art student? They show you some of the things our girls like to do.

Our Hungarian Girl Scouts like especially domestic subjects. Everyone wants to get the Cook's badge, Needlewoman's badge, Homemaker's badge. They like nursing and they arrange Christmas parties at which clothing, foods and toys (made by themselves) are distributed. They organize patriotic fêtes and the companies wear the names of heroines of Hungarian history, which is very rich in brave women. Our Brownie Packs have the names of the heroines of old Hungarian sagas.

Our girls like to adorn their "homes," as they call their clubrooms, with pictures representing the finest parts of our country and the picture of their company patroness. They make the frames of the official writings, such as orders for the week and competition leaves, with hand drawings in Hungarian style.

They visit with great zeal all the classes arranged by our headquarters—toy-making, the making of lampshades, batik on silk, and book-binding. To earn funds by their own handiwork, the Hungarian girls arrange Christmas and Easter bazaars, very well liked by the public.

Besides the motto, "Be Prepared," we greet each other saying "Good Work" (Yo' munk'st!) We like all kinds of sports, especially walking and swimming and dancing. We are very fond of camping under canvas like our forefathers in the oldest times. Our campfires on fine summer evenings are really sources of pleasure not only for the Girl Scouts but to the people of the country, too. There is a wandering to these campfires, where the girls sing the fine old and very sad Hungarian peasants' songs, some two hundred years old. They remember in their story-telling the glorious history of the country. There round the fire they often dance the beautiful old national dances in the rich costumes of the country people. Every Hungarian Girl Scout has in her wardrobe a dress in this national style.



The most interesting company of all the eighty that we have is that consisting of peasant girls. After enrolling them in their little village, their leader brought them for sight-seeing to Budapest, where they went to see the Danube, the mountains, a bridge, the fishes of the market-hall, and the apes in the Zoo. Their little village is in the midst of the Hungarian Lowland, sandy and without any river or hill.

The uniform of our Girl Scouts is very plain, though very practical and nice looking. Skirt and jacket, stockings, hat and gloves are dark brown—the neckerchief, too. The blouse is of light brown hand-woven linen, made by the ladies of the country, who wove it with the greatest pleasure themselves for the Girl Scouts. Our girls like to wear their uniform for its smartness. Everybody looks on them with interest and sympathy, as the public knows already that Girl Scouting is a real bliss to the whole country and if there were more leaders, every girl would be a Girl Scout, too. Some of our girls write to American girls through the International Post Box.





By
KATHERINE
DUNLAP CATHER

Illustrations by
Walton Thompson

"You not know heem
for bootblack then,
because een that suit
he look like a prince"

THERE'S no getting around it, girls. Mimi Toretto's the best person in the entire student body for the part of Francesca, and if we're fair we'll nominate her."

Imogene Sturges' blue eyes were deeply serious as she leaned back against the couch in the lounging room of the Girls' Junior High School, Number Two, and she nodded her head as if in solemn decision.

"But that terrible pigeon English of hers," Joan Woodrow exclaimed, "and her awful clothes! She's all right when we girls are alone with her, and I think as you do, that she'll be splendid as Francesca. But at the party—oh, dear! Like as not she'll want Tony the boot-black invited, for you know he's her brother. It does seem hard to keep her out, but I believe the whole thing will be spoiled if we do anything else."

"That's exactly the way I feel about it," Marylyn Weaver broke in. "No matter how much you admire Mimi's brightness, you can't deny she's just as crude as can be. If she brings Tony to the party she'll gesticulate and tell how many pairs of shoes he has shined that day."

"She is crude, and her English is awful," Imogene agreed, "but you must remember she hasn't been in this country a year yet, and the ways of Italy are different from ours. I doubt if any of us could master Italian in that length of time and speak it so we would not be funny. Her people are dreadfully poor; she has to wear the queer looking things she makes herself. If she has a party in the play we can fix up a costume for her, and I've a voile dress I'll give her that will do for the party. I don't like having her there any better than you do, because it will be very awkward if she brings Tony. But we can tell our friends how he comes to be there, so they'll know we don't associate with people like that."

It was at a committee meeting that the discussion occurred, as plans were being made for one of the greatest events in the entire school year, the annual play. Between September and June each junior high school in the city put on a production in the Civic Auditorium, and judges passed on the work of those having a part. From the best

Mimi's Tunic

They tittered at her hair. They were afraid she would come to their party. But when the big night arrived, Mimi, from Italy, amazed them all

of the performers they chose those to act in the midsummer pageant, which represented the triumph of enlightenment over ignorance, and all the golden things progress and education bring to man. To participate in this pageant was regarded as a great privilege and honor, and it was a source of much pride to Junior Number Two that one of its girls had represented Progress the year before. They hoped the good fortune might be repeated this year, and that possibly their school might get the part of Enlightenment, which was the star rôle. Consequently, Imogene, Joan and Marylyn, as the committee chosen by the student body to get the play under way, were spending all their spare time both night and day planning and working toward the success of which they dreamed. The self-governing system was in force. All arrangements were left to the students themselves. Until the cast was chosen and the parts assigned, the faculty members had nothing to do with the dramatic activities. Then, all preliminaries being settled by the girls themselves, one of the English teachers came in as coach.

The committee was always made up of girls who had played in a previous production, because of the value of their experience, and because the same people could not act in two consecutive plays. It was a system that insured efficiency and fairness, and gave every one of talent in school an opportunity to have a part. At this morning's meeting the important thing was to nominate the cast. All had gone well until Imogene suggested that the part of Francesca, heroine of the *Maid of Mantua*, which was the play selected, should go to Mimi Toretto, a Sicilian girl. Mimi had come from Palermo only eleven months before, and although handicapped by having to learn English as she went, had gone by leaps and bounds toward the head of the class. Now she was acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant students in school. But Mimi said, "beeg" instead of "big," "leetla" when she meant little, and spoke English so funny and broken it often sent the girls into roars of laughter. Besides, she wore clothes that looked as if they had come from a rummage sale without being made over to fit her. Her brother was bootblack on the

corner just beyond the school, and called merrily to passers-by from dawn to sunset, "Hava da shine? Oh, please, meester, hava da shine!"

After the play there would be a party. The student body always gave one in honor of those who made the dramatic night a success, and each actor was privileged to invite two friends. It would be frightfully embarrassing if Mimi brought Tony there. Yet she was the most talented girl in school, and to keep her out of the production because of her pigeon English, her clothes, and her brother, seemed exceedingly unfair to Imogene. So she held her ground. A few difficult moments of silence followed.

"I'm sorry, girls," she finally said. "I'd like to stand with you because you are my very best friends, but it does not seem right to me. So my vote goes to Mimi, but of course you can over-ride it and put somebody else in her place."

"But that wouldn't be unanimous," Marylyn objected. "We don't want to carry back a report that says we cannot agree."

"I've thought of that, too," Imogene answered.

"But I'm going to do what I feel is right. I feel Mimi is the one for the part of Francesca. She knew the story before we'd ever heard of the play. One afternoon she told it to me and made it so real even with her broken English that I forgot for a while I was not in Mantua with Francesca herself. I thought then, and I still think that if we give her a chance the school will be proud of her."

For a minute nobody spoke. Then it was Joan who broke the silence.

"We aren't getting anywhere just sitting here and looking at each other," she exclaimed, turning to Marylyn. "Perhaps after all Imogene's right. I'll give in and vote for Mimi if you will."

Marylyn started to shake her head, but suddenly she stopped and nodded.

"All right," she said. "It will spoil the party for me, but she can have my vote."

So it was settled, and half an hour later the cast that the committee had nominated was cheerfully ratified by the student body. Rehearsals began the following afternoon with Miss Alexander, the English teacher, as coach of the production. Mimi disappointed no one. Rich voiced and earnest she was, every line of her face and muscle of her body vibrating with feeling as she spoke the words of Francesca, the peasant girl who saved the life of the Duke of Mantua and prevented a massacre. Her cadences rang strong and true to the lines from the moment where, hungry and cold, she left the hut of her parents to find her father, who had gone in search of food for his starving, shivering children. They sounded like the peal of a bell as she came upon him in the market place, haranguing a mob to follow him to the castle of the Duke of Mantua and kill the man he believed was the cause of his misery. Then her voice broke into a sob when,

through her patriotism, she faced the mob herself, and quieted the frenzied men, but again it rose, full and rich, as she pleaded for her people, and won from the overbearing lord what neither threats nor attempts upon his life could win. The girls who followed her through the part lost sight of the fact that she said "beeg" and "leetla," and once, as Miss Alexander admiringly watched her go through to the end, she so far forgot herself that she cried, "Brava, Mimi! Number Two has never had a girl do so well as that!"

It would have been a dangerous remark to make to some young dramatic stars, but, although Mimi's eyes lighted, she

merely shrugged her shoulders and replied, "Ah, eet ees nice eef you theenk that. Next tima I try to do vera moch better."

It was plain to everybody that Mimi would play her part with triumphal success, but even so, the girls who nominated her were very far from having minds at ease. No fund was provided for carrying on the dramatic work, which meant that costumes, stage settings, and all necessary equipment

had to be provided by the student body. It was the policy of the school not to encourage the spending of money, because of the hardship it might be to those who had little to spare. So everything was made by the girls themselves, and the work was divided among groups, some sewing at costumes, while others built and decorated stage settings.

That was what troubled the girls of the committee. Mimi insisted that a costume was not to be made for her, because she meant to provide her own.

"No, no," she exclaimed in her excitable way when Imogene suggested that they wanted to relieve her of all thought of that because of the heavy work she had in the play. "I breeng vera wonderful dress for soch part, vera wonderful!"

Her eyes gleamed and seemed to hold such glowing pictures as she dwelt upon those words, that Miss Alexander told the girls not to urge her, for to disappoint her in the thing she wanted to do might dampen her enthusiasm and spoil her beautiful work in the play.

"Somehow I cannot look at Mimi as she talks about the wonderful costume with which she intends to surprise us and believe it will not be just the thing for the part," she added.

"But suppose it proves to be dowdyish and queer, like the clothes she wears to school?" Joan Woodrow questioned. "Must we let her spoil Number Two's chance of winning first rank with the judges because of costumes and settings?"

The teacher thought a moment, then slowly replied, "Of course not, Joan. But after the dress rehearsal there will still be two days before the production. If Mimi's costume proves to be all wrong, we'll manage somehow, without hurting her feelings, to make her see she must wear another. Then if you and Imogene and Marylyn



"I breeng vera wonderful dress for soch part, vera wonderful!"

will come to my house and help, we can get one in shape in a single evening. But until we know about it, let her have her dream," she continued, "for I have a feeling we shall not be sorry."

Joan was far from being as confident as Miss Alexander that it all would come out right, but she said nothing more. She wished, though, that they might begin work on the costume now, instead of waiting and having to work under pressure at the eleventh hour.

But the eleventh hour and knowledge of what it would bring them was not far distant now, for at two o'clock they would meet in the auditorium for the dress rehearsal.

Mimi came early, a bundle under her arm; in her eyes a light shone like stars. Intently the girls of the committee followed her every movement as they went into the dressing room, because if at the last moment it seemed she would wreck the production with an impossible costume they believed they would be criticized by the student body for letting her have her way. But Mimi made it clear that even yet they were not to see what she had brought.

"You must not come with me," she objected as they started to follow her into the closet that was to serve as her dressing room, "for I have one big surprise for you. When I all feel vera nice I come out an' show you."

Then she skipped ahead and disappeared, and Joan dropped back with an impatient gesture.

"I'm getting tired of her promises of a wonderful surprise," she spoke petulantly. And both Imogene and Marylyn agreed with her.

Five minutes later, however, they were fairly lifted off their feet in astonishment, for Mimi appeared, looking like a figure from an old Italian painting. No one in Number Two ever seemed more wonderful than she seemed now, for her hair, black as charcoal, glossy and abundant, was swirled about her head in the marvelous way that made it a wavy crown, as Italian maidens of the Middle Ages swirled their hair above their oval, expressive faces.

She had been accustomed to wear it in four tightly-braided buns across her ears and the back of her neck, although every other girl arranged hers softly, whether short or long. With a pang, Imogene remembered the day Mimi had come to school with her locks loosely twisted—a grotesque imitation of Joan's graceful coil over which some of the girls had tittered. The titters and sly glances had not been unnoticed by Mimi herself, and that afternoon when she appeared she had gone back to the tightly twisted buns. Now that same hair was a joy to behold, and the girls who had tittered caught their breath in astonishment.

Then, as she swept off her cape, the surprise was complete. "Francesca leevé four hundred years ago," she exclaimed, lifting an arm and outspreading a flowing sleeve of gold and scarlet. "So I wear the hair and the tunic like they do een Italia then. Eet make the play more true."

Everybody said Joan Woodrow was the most elegantly mannered girl in school, that she never forgot herself and did awkward things as most girls do sometimes. But when she saw the tunic she forgot herself so completely she stared with her mouth open. Of linen bright as flame it was, splashed with gold wool that had been worked into an intricate design by the fingers of some beauty-loving, patient

embroiderer. To all three of the girls it seemed they never had seen anything more beautiful.

"Where did you ever get that marvelous tunic?" Marylyn exclaimed in admiration.

The eyes of the Sicilian girl gleamed back at her soft with happiness. "Oh, eet ees nice to hear you say that,"

came the earnest reply. "You not tell me so, but I read in your face you theenk my clothes funny what I wear to school, an' the way I feex my hair, an' I know you theenk I breeng funny costume. But all the time I vera sure that when you see me you not laugh, because when Francesca leevé she look justa like thees."

"Where I get?" she repeated in answer to the question. "My mother she make long time ago. In Italia girls learn to do beautiful patterns with the needle. Mother learn vera young, an' because she not so vera poor, she have cloth to make quite pretty dresses to wear when once each year the king come to Palermo, and the people have great carnival in the piazza, the same what you call square in America. Most of the time, when she go to the carnival, mother like to be lady of the Middle Ages, an' she not always want to wear the same dress. So in a box at home we

got two, three tunic soma theeng like thees. We have velvet suit, too, what my father wear, all trim weeth gold braid an' shiny."

Her eyes softened and her voice dropped low as she went on.

"Oh, he was vera fine young man, my father, an' make moch money carving boxes out of wood that great ladies buy for to hold their rings an' bracelets. But he go to war, an' come back weeth crippled hand, an' can no more cut the figures. So he have to taka work that breeng only a leetla money, an' we get vera poor."

"We theenk maybe if we come to America eet will be better, but even here we get not on vera well, because when one have not good fingers to work weeth he cannot earn moch, no matter what he do. We got so many children mother have no time to feex pretty theengs for me, so I make my own clothes an' look funny. But when I be Francesca of the Middle Ages I know I not have to be funny, for I theenk of the tunics in the box at home, an' mother say she show me how to do my hair."

"Oh, I almos' forget to tell you about the velvet suit!" she cried with a burst of enthusiasm. "Tony, my brother

what ees boot-black on the corner, weel wear it to the party. You not know heem for boot-black then, because een that suit he look like a prince. An' eef you like to have us, we dance the tarantella for you, like they do in Sicily."

"I am so glad father keep the suit," she added earnestly, "so Tony can look as fine as anybody that weel be there, because he hardly evair have a good time. Eet ees not moch pleasant be-
(Cont. on page 35)

"Cactus Kate"

The other girls called her Cactus Kate because she was prickly and burry and her eyes never smiled at you. Nor did the rumor that Kate came of a long line of earls make the girls wish to have her in their crowd. Why had such a family pitched camp on the edge of a ranch? The story that answers this question is coming in April.



A few minutes later
a decision was read
from the stage

Such Fun Camping in Great Britain!

Here you are—stunts, delicious menus, even a round to sing—imported for you from Great Britain

IT is often said that people in Great Britain would be nonplussed for a subject for small talk if it were not for the weather. Certainly that topic of conversation is truly the one that dominates among all British Campers from Easter until September. We can never be sure of fine weather, but we may be pretty certain of a fair supply of rain. Nevertheless, in sun or rain, camping inspires a feeling of thrill and adventurous spirit of expectancy in us all. To many of our Girl Guides the campfire is the memory which lasts longest, the mystery of the stillness of dusk and the enchanting fascination of watching the flames leaping and forming themselves into grotesque figures, and the songs and yarns give a feeling of peace and complete satisfaction together with a desire to spread this wonderful happiness. All our Guides love singing, too. Many of our old English folk songs are very popular, especially *The Keeper*, which I know you sing in your own camps in the United States. Rounds are always clamored for, and it is a hard task to meet the demand for new ones. The round I am giving you here by Purcell is very fascinating to us. Perhaps you will enjoy singing it at your international troop meetings.

Very often in camp, we try the play of letting each patrol, in turn, be entirely responsible for the campfire program. The patrol in charge lays and lights the fire and provides such entertainment as it chooses. Often a most successful program has been arranged with a mixture of songs, charades, playlets, and yarns. Also in this way new songs and rounds are introduced which otherwise might be missed.

One very favorite stunt is Home-making. Each patrol is told to go off and make itself a lair anywhere within a given area. Here in England, wood is very precious and we cannot cut it down at will, so that we cannot build log huts in this stunt. Still, most fascinating homes have been made. The squirrel patrol once chose a spot high up in an oak tree, others choosing terra firma, but each place having some reference to the patrol name.

Next day each patrol goes to its Home with the materials listed below, and nothing else, and is told to pre-

By S. VACHELL

pare a meal by a certain time. Points are given for cookery, general arrangement, and ingenuity. A four-course dinner has often been cooked from this list—of course, if blackberries or mushrooms are in season they can be gathered and used.

For a patrol of five

1 mug full of flour	sugar	1 enamel plate
½ mug full of milk	suet	1 fork
3 large potatoes	1 egg	5 mugs
a few currants	butter	matches
cheese	3 bananas or oranges	water
salt	5 rounds of bread	small hike billy

Museums in the homes add another competition. The girls have great fun collecting and then naming the various feathers, stones, skulls, and flowers! This needs much

careful research and may end in leading the way to a lifelong interest in one of the natural sciences.

For a wet day, modelling is most interesting and amusing to us. Plastercine is most generally used, as it is packed so conveniently and is so pliable that birds, flowers, and fungi can easily be made. To those who are really keen on modelling, most delightful results can be obtained from gutta percha, which can afterwards be painted and finally becomes quite a hard substance.

Cooking in camp is always an interesting activity. So many easily-made and delicious dishes can be created, but, alas, how lacking in imagination is the usual menu!

The following dishes are both easy and economical:

Chocolate custard

Mix an equal quantity of custard powder and chocolate powder into a thick paste with some milk, and proceed to make as for ordinary custard.

Summer pudding

Stew some seasonable fruit and, having lined a basin with slices of stale bread, pour in the mixture while quite hot and allow to soak. Serve cold with custard. Dried apricots and prunes may also be used.

(Continued on page 52)

1) Bub-bling and splashing and foam-ing and dash-ing, with
 2) si-lent and slow does the deep riv-er flow, on its
 3) shal-low pre-tence bab-bles on with out sense. While true
 noise and wild bus-tle the brook rush-es by. But
 smooth glass-y bos-om re-fleet-ing-the sky Thus
 knowledge and wis-dom sit si-lent-ly by.

A fascinating old English round that you will want to sing at international troop meetings

Block-Printing Will Enchant You

Long an art for skillful fingers, a favorite craft in Japan, block-printing will add an artistic touch to many articles in your own room

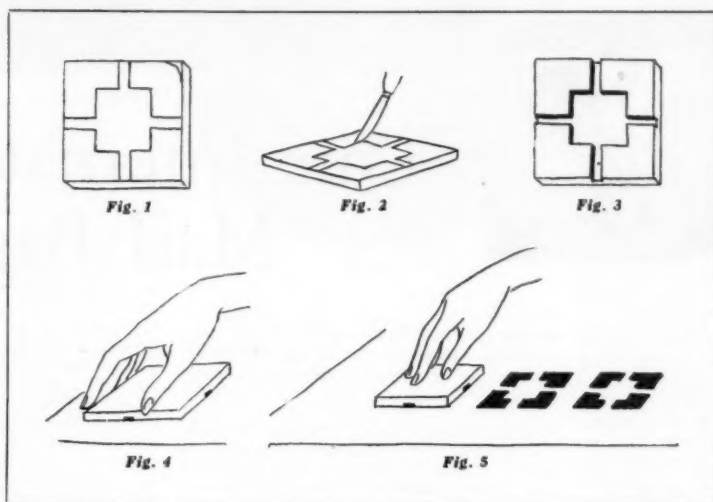
By BONNIE E. SNOW and HUGO B. FROEHLICH

IF you should ever visit the city of Tokio, in Japan, you would see block-printing done on the street. The worker would be sitting cross-legged upon the sidewalk, in front of his shop or dwelling. He would have at hand a bolt of cheap white cotton cloth and would be provided with a board, a pot of ink or dye and a number of wooden printing blocks. With this primitive outfit he will print, while you wait, one or more of the interesting Japanese towels, which in this country we use as table scarfs, curtains, and luncheon cloths. This bit of hand printing he will sell you for a few pennies.

You, too, will find block-printing simple and most enjoyable. With it, you may decorate table runners, mats and curtains for your own room or your Girl Scout cabin. In fact, there are many materials which you may use—cotton or silk or felt, not forgetting the cardboard or paper with which you may wish to create your own book plate or specially decorated cards. The special table mat described here is made of felt.

Block-printing as a craft is not new, but block-printing when applied to felt is quite different in appearance from block-printing on cotton, silk, or velvet. Along the bottom of the page are shown several designs that can be used for a table mat about twelve inches square, made of orange felt, with a border design printed in black. One block only should be used in the printing. The edges of the mat are not hemmed, and no lining is required. It is soft and thick, as the protector of the polished surface of a table should be. Its color may be varied to suit the decorative scheme of the room in which it is to be used. The mat was planned to be used on a dark oak table, under a brass bowl which often held nasturtiums or calendulas.

The simple design shown in Fig. 1 has been drawn on squared paper, then traced on thin paper, and pasted to the upper or rubber surface of a linoleum block, in this case about an inch and a quarter square. A sharp stencil knife is seen in Fig. 2 held in the proper position for cutting lines. All that part of the block not needed in



printing the design is cut away and dug out. Edges must be kept straight and corners must be left clean. Fig. 3 shows the block ready for printing.

The best medium for printing is oil paint in tubes. This paint must be thinned by the addition of turpentine or gasoline. A pad made of several thicknesses of outing flannel should be saturated with the thinned oil paint. The block should be pressed firmly upon the pad, as shown in

Fig. 4. Several impressions should be printed on a piece of waste felt until an even print of all parts of the design is secured. Use the pad between each printing.

With a sharpened piece of white chalk, draw with a ruler two squares within the felt square. Plan carefully the distance left between the border and the edges of the felt. The distance between the two drawn squares must be the width of the printing block, as shown in Fig. 5.

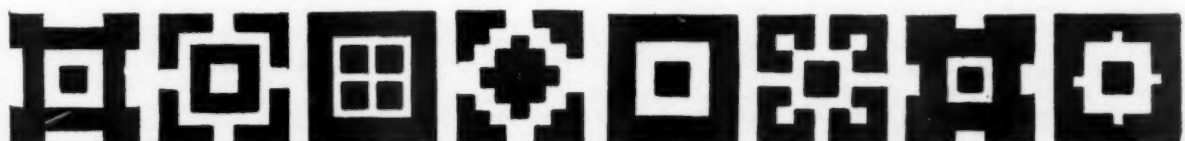
Good block printing never obscures the texture of the fabric upon which the design is printed. The paint used in printing must never be so thick as to form a paste or opaque coating on the cloth.

Many designers prefer printers' inks to oil paints for block-printing because it is easier to secure with ink a clean, sharp impression. Oil paints are apt to show a margin of line of oil between the design and the fabric.

If printers' ink is used, it must be applied to the block by means of a "dauber," rather than by means of a pad. A dauber is made by covering a wad of cotton with a double thickness of silk, tying the silk with thread so that a ball is formed. Spread the ink on a china plate or on a piece of glass, and use the dauber in distributing the ink evenly. Then apply the ink with the dauber to the printing surface of the block.

In printing the table mat, a tube of black oil paint or a quarter-pound tube of "job black" ink may be purchased.

EDITOR'S NOTE: These ideas are from *A Hundred Things a Girl Can Make*, by Bonnie E. Snow and Hugo B. Froehlich, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and reprinted here with their kind permission.—H. F.





Belgium

Malta



Philippines

Our International Mail Bag

SUPPOSE you could organize a Girl Scout trip around the world—what fun it would be! But think, too, that if you visited every country where there are Girl Scouts or Girl Guides to welcome you, you would be almost ready, on returning, for your first grey hairs. Impractical, we know, and so we are publishing here messages from Girl Scouts and Guides the world over, to Girl Scouts or Girl Scout officers in America—letters from as many as we can squeeze in on this page. Dozens more were received. As a compromise, Helen Ferris finally decided to print one letter a month, each from a different country, through the coming year. Watch for them!

Still, just to show us what it *does* feel like to set sail for the world-beyond-America, Muriel Vintschger, a New Jersey Girl Scout, tells us her experience.

"I was about to enjoy the greatest pleasure of my life. Father and Mother had decided to take me with them to Europe. I had been once before, when I was three years old, but of course I don't remember about it, so I nearly jumped to the ceiling in my wild delight. How the days dragged until the twenty-ninth of April, when we boarded the steamer. Many of our friends were there to wish us *Bon Voyage*."

The promenade deck of the ship was so crowded with passengers and visitors, we could scarcely move. Everyone had friends there to wish *Bon Voyage*. When the first whistle blew, the crowd gradually began to thin out, so that when the second blast sounded, all the guests had departed, and were frantically waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas. Then the gangplanks were drawn. Promptly at ten o'clock the whistle blew, and the *Reliance* slowly moved away from the dock, assisted by several tugs. Friends all crowded out to the end of the pier, watching the boat until it drew out of sight. It was a quivering feeling, seeing America drop down the horizon behind us. The whole world lay ahead."

One of the most colorful letters of all came to Helen Ferris from that great continent, connected by a tiny thread of land with our own, braving the equator

at one end and Antarctic ice at the other—South America. So, as the inevitable small one is sure to pipe up, "Let's begin!"

DEAR HELEN FERRIS: You ask me about our Guiding. The Education Brigade No. 1 has its building in the city of Santiago, which has been founded by Pedro Valdivia on February 12 of 1541, at the foot of a small hill which the Indians called Huelén, but which was named by the Spaniards, Santa Lucia. Our girls occupy themselves in doing Scout's works, as Red Cross, signals, semaphore and Morse, kitchen work, photography, basket making, etc. In the center of the country there is plenty of osier, with which baskets are made, and therefore this work constitutes an occupation of the Girl Guides. Moreover, the girls do different labors with hemp and wool, as carpets and native knitted cloth.

Our girls do excursions in and out of the city and some of them have gone to distant places on the south of the country, which is a beautiful region of Chile. By this way they have known Concepcion, the bay and shore of Talcahuano, Lota with its beautiful park, Tomé, Ponco and Coronel.

During the holidays we did an excursion to the shore of Lolleo and Cartagena, doing country-life (Editor's note: Chilean English for camping out). For this purpose they carried their cases filled with straw. Of the forty girls of my brigade, nineteen went to this excursion and remained in the place in the best ways allowed by the circumstances. The mess was prepared by them, as they know how to dress victuals. One of the favorite foods of the Chileans is fish cooked once, scaled and washed. Oil is put in the pot, then onion cut very fine, and pieces of tomato. The pieces of fish are put over this, and seasoned with salt, then the pot is left to boil slowly.

Another food which can be easily prepared and is of the taste of our people is the bean, which by this time is new, and is known by the name "granado." After taking them out of the husk they are boiled until only a little water is left. Then they are seasoned with corn (rifled), adding to it butter and sweet basil for the good taste. This constitutes a delicious food which we name moorish of corn.

This year the girls of my brigade assembled, Sunday after Sunday, the poor little boys of the district and taught them to

sing and dance the songs of Gabriela Mistral. On Christmas these boys invited many others, so that one hundred, more or less, were assembled, and the Girl Guides gave them sweets and toys, and finished with songs, dances, games, music, and recitations. Moreover, two of the poorest have been taken under our own care, in order to watch for their instruction and help them if possible with clothing and money.

For next time, I will send other details to you, our sister of North America, with whom we wish to tighten links.

Faithfully yours,

Santiago, Chile.

Victoria Caviedes.

From Newfoundland

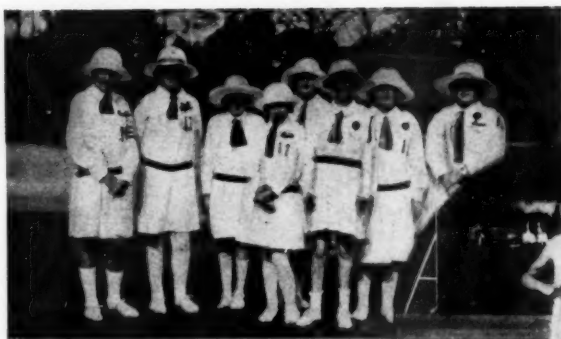
"Quick, quick!" called Gladima, starting us from a delightful reverie of Chile and the high Andes. "Jump the equator and two continents; then rest on the cool and—it must be confessed—sometimes foggy shores of Newfoundland." Sufficed a little stretching of the Seven-League-Boots.

DEAR MRS. RIPPIN: You may be interested in hearing of my visit in July to the 3rd St. John's Company, who were under canvas on a tiny island in Conception Bay, which is situated on the east coast of Newfoundland. Guides conveyed our party in dories from the mainland, handling the oars with a deftness worthy of the daughters of the sea. We landed on the lee side of the island at a wharf built by the Guides and the Commandant gave us a smiling welcome. In the late

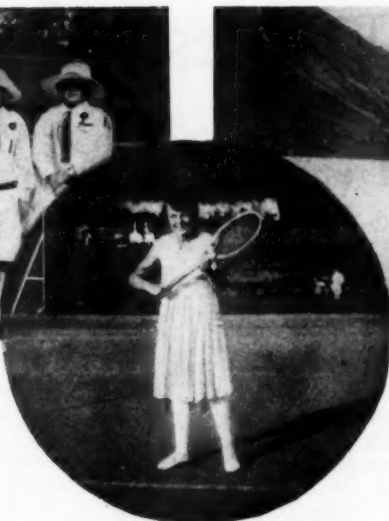
International Post Box

If you wish to write to a Girl Scout in another country, send your request to The International Post Office, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

State your age, address, the country to which you wish to write, and whether you know only English, or are able to write in another language. In the British dominions—Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, etc., there are Girl Guides who can correspond in English.



Brazil



France



Alaska

spring we had a Diplomat Guider from England, who instructed our Guiders in all matters of camp craft, both theoretically and practically, so I was not surprised to find a model camp. The cooks, with their red kerchiefs on their heads were preparing tea, and later, when the sun, a ball of crimson fire, dipped into the sea, we gathered round the camp fire. Then came the charm of life in the open with a jolly crowd. One told how she found a kingfisher's nest, burrowed deep into the bank; another, of seeing a hopping sand-tail on the beach with her careful motherly cry of "keep-in, keep-in." A new flower found on the day's nature walk was displayed with pride. Then came "sing-song" and the old songs were sung with some new ones. So ended a pleasant afternoon.

Yours sincerely,

Mildred Knight.

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

From Denmark

And now at last, we're off across the Atlantic, and landing in the alleged home of Hamlet, and the Vikings before him. The following letter was received by a Newton Center, Mass., Girl Scout:

DEAR LIBBY: I must tell you of the great event this summer for us of the "guide-world," as the English would say—the great Danish country camp. Seven hundred Girl Scouts were assembled for a week on a little island, one night's sailing from Copenhagen. Quite close to the beach we erected about sixty large tents—14 to 16 Scouts in each—and a wooden barrack. Believe me, it was a sight to see all these white tents, these hundreds of "green girls" (Editor's note: the Danish uniform is green) and then nothing else than the moors and the sea. We had lots of competition in signaling, steeplechase-tracking, flower guiding, swimming, ball games, etc. Then, too, patrol competitions in hiking, quick boiling of two quarts of water, etc. Of course, we had great camp fires in the evenings where the troops competed in

camp fire entertainments. . . . The distance from the first tent to the last in the row was about half an English mile, so I expect the camp police (Senior Girl Scouts) had as much exercise as they needed, as their duty was to pass down the "street" every night, look into the tents, and see if we were all right and getting into bed. At eleven o'clock everything had to be quiet (as you know, Danish people don't go to bed so early as English and Americans. One English friend of mine was quite horrified when she saw our program with that late hour for retreat) . . . A little later I will send you pictures from this year's great marvelous tent camp.

Best Scout greeting from

Willy Borella.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

From England

At first we despaired of a choice among the many letters from England. Only when Gladima and Helen Ferris combined in assuring us that we might clip out some news from the others for a later Scribes Page, were we able to select this letter to a Corning, N. Y., Girl Scout:

DEAR RUTH: I have just come back from a fortnight's visit by the sea. I went to Hastings. I don't know whether you have had English history or not, but it is near the place where William the Conqueror landed and the battle of Hastings took place in 1066 A.D. Hastings castle is now mostly in ruins and the sea has washed away a good bit; we went into the Norman dungeons and saw the places where, in the olden days, men were tortured and put to death. We also went in some caves right underground that were supposed to have been used by early Christians and afterwards by smugglers. The caves were so dark that if anyone was left there by himself for long, he would go out of his mind. The guide put out his light and told us to listen just for a minute to the absolute stillness.

A hearty left-handed grip from

Rene Graham.

England.

From Holland

A Girl Scout of Oakland, Cal., waits nearly two weeks for a Dutch letter. She says it is worth it, and we think it

must be, for "Oelve" knows how to include all the little unimportant but delightful details of her life that make a letter personal and charming.

DEAR MILDRED: It takes quite a number of days for your letter to cross the Ocean, but never mind, our correspondence will not suffer. Do you understand my bad English? I left school some years ago and did not take up that branch again and then, too, your language is not quite the same as our school-book one.

At first your questions will be answered and after that you will be told something about Dutch Guiding or Scouting. Almost every girl does ride a bicycle over here, and we often take them out. It is much more practical, for we can go further off. We go to school on them and so do quite a number of Dutchmen.

I think you will not be able to pronounce my Scouting or camp fire name. It is Oelve. Oe is pronounced as you do the oo in school. The name in common life is Agaath or Itat.

We once had a cycling camp. We took the train to Glilverum and camped out there for some days. Then we went on our cycles to Glaarlem and we did the same over there. At last we returned home. It surely was fun.

I hope your troop will be registered by the time this letter reaches you. So you are a P. L. That is a charming function. I too was a P. L. some years ago and loved to be one. But since there were no leaders, I became a Lieutenant.

You will wonder that this letter did not reach you sooner. Yes, I am a very strange girl. My friends always laugh at my letters, for I write some lines, cease, and after some time I continue. So my letters are quite a puzzle; something for Jack and Jill in THE AMERICAN GIRL. This letter got the same fate, for I have got a lot of things to do.

I don't know whether you did pass examinations. If so, you will quite understand my position. I am studying bookkeeping and hope to pass my examination this year. It is a very difficult one, but afterwards I am allowed to teach it in schools. So it is worth the trouble. Soon it will be over and then I write piles of letters to all parts of the world, for my friends live everywhere.

Our company is something other than the American ones. About 4½ years ago it started and as it is a sample of Dutch guiding I will tell you about it that you may know how your Dutch sisters are working.

My brother was an assistant scoutmaster and took in THE SCOUT, our Dutch Boy Scout paper. In one of the numbers I read something about Girl Scouts and always having loved Scouting, I tried to start a Cy. At first my mother did not agree but afterwards she undertook my charge. A board was formed and the scoutmaster of the Boy Scouts

(Continued on page 36)



The International Troop Meeting of Central Falls, R. I., offered fascinating possibilities in costumes, dances and songs



Dots, Dashes and Pirates

Yes, this is a real pirate adventure which befell a Chinese-Hawaiian Girl Scout, not so very long ago, and was related by her to

ELSA G. BECKER

Illustrations by Dorothy Kendall



PIRATES made me want to study signalling." Pirates! The girls of the Arapaho troop in Honolulu gave instant attention. For what could this remark of their Captain's be but the beginning of a story? And a pirate story—how very appropriate!

They had been plodding through the drudgery part of second-class signalling and were almost dizzy with the dots and dashes that simply would not behave. But now pirates were dashing on the scene once more. It just happened that the troop had had a very special meeting the week before. They had gone to see *The Sea Hawk*. And now they were planning a Pirate Party. You couldn't meet one of them nowadays without a copy of *Treasure Island* or *The Pirate* or *The Sea Wolf* under her arm and a snatch of buccaneering song on her lips:

Robin Rover
Said to his crew,
"Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue.

"Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below!"

And if you could have peeped into the troop properties box, you would have thought that the gentlemen sea robbers of all time had deposited their wardrobes therein. There were pistols and scimitars and cutlasses to gleam in the sunlight; there were slashed leather breeches of antique cut, sea boots and jerkins, three-cornered hats, yards of red muslin to be twisted into rakish headdress or shirred into skirt from girdle to knee. (A large can of cocoa, to be mixed later with cold cream, stood ready in place of a tropical sun to bronze the complexions of these "Terrors of Christian Spain.") Just to look in that box sent a long delicious shiver down your spine. It called up pictures of pillage on the high seas, men heaved overboard by swarthy corsairs. And it made you happy, ridiculously happy, that such villainy was no longer in vogue, and that you could embark on a sea voyage with clouds blowing and winds free and your own heart gay as a summer bird.

Oh, but could you—! I couldn't.

Bernice Chock, Captain of the Arapaho Troop, had lived again the horrors of a real adventure with pirates when in that great movie, *The Sea Hawk*, the enormous masted galleys with their fifty oars slid out of hiding to attack the Spanish vessel. For just three years before she had had a narrow escape. After a sum-

mer holiday in Hongkong she had boarded a tugboat, the *Finin* (which is the Chinese for *Fleet Swallow*), to return to her own little village, Kongtong. There were on board the *Finin* some Chinese men who had accumulated a great amount of wealth in South America. And it happened that this fact was known to a notorious band of Chinese pirates, retired soldiers who prowled the seas for loot.

The tug *Finin* had ploughed half the way to Kongtong when a steamboat, which they had sighted through the day, kept rapidly shortening the distance between them. As it drew nearer and nearer, the captain of the tug recognized the pirates. Apparently they were giving chase. The tug, unequipped for an encounter, turned back toward Hongkong in order to get off the pathway for a time; then around they came again after they felt they were well off the pirates' course. But the crafty pirates once more sped into view. Again the *Finin* steered a different course, only to find that the pirates were indeed in earnest.

"All women below!" ordered the captain of the tug.

Whereupon all the Chinese women, with the exception of Bernice Chock, were put into the steerage quarters. But Bernice offered to help on deck, for there was much to be done. And it must have been the steadfastness of her gaze that told the captain here was a girl on whose nerve he could count.

The two boats raced madly through the sea, the *Finin's* men—and Bernice—feverishly making four huge cannon crackers to hurl at the robber boat. There was no time for terror, every nerve was needed to prepare for the moment of attack.

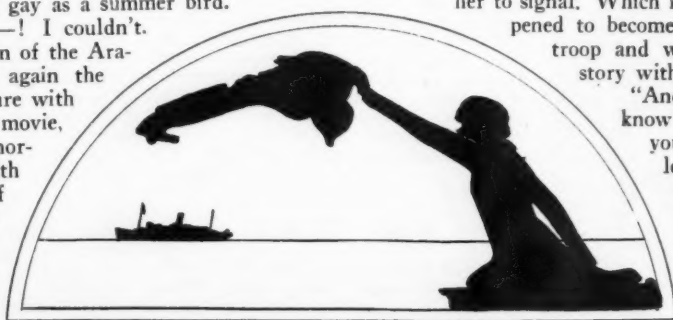
"But that moment, thank Heaven, never came," said Bernice, "for in the distance the pirates saw, even before we did, a steamer flying the American flag, and they scooted off as fast as they could.

"How I longed to get a message to that American boat! As it approached, I went to the top of the tug, and waved my sweater frantically. But the men thought it a friendly greeting. How handy a few dots and dashes would have been!"

Bernice reached her home town in safety, and the following year went to Honolulu. There she became acquainted with some Girl Scouts and learned that they could teach her to signal. Which is how Bernice Chock happened to become Captain of the Arapaho troop and why she ended her pirate story with:

"And now I guess you girls know why I do not like to have you omit the Pledge of Allegiance to the American flag from any of our meetings."

We can guess that her girls know the secrets of dots and dashes for an emergency.



Camping 'Round The World



ABOVE: China and camping! But seeing's believing, and we have in addition a letter from Peking that tells how Girl Scouts there packed bedding onto this very donkey cart



ABOVE: A fascinating tent-hut from a camp near Prague, Czechoslovakia. Its advantages might be felt in camps held through a season where cabins are not available



ABOVE: Through woodcraft lessons, Girl Guides in camp near Toronto, Canada, learn how to construct beds raised from the floor. Requirements are simple: rope and the right sort of wood

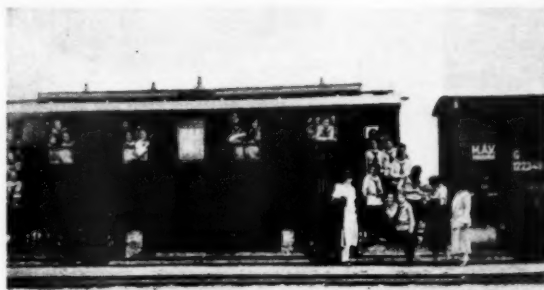


ABOVE: Swedish Girl Guides learn to saw their own wood for stove or camp fire



BELOW: Always room for one more, we're ready to believe, when leaving Budapest for the Hungarian camp. Notice the typical European car, each window belonging to a "compartment"

BELOW: Close your eyes and picture how jolly this island picnic in the Barbadoes must have been. And what fun later to wander down the woodland trail beyond



ABOVE: Camp Laundry is held in the open, and clothes are dried on bushes, by Russian Girl Scouts, near Vladivostok, Siberia. Little Brother contributes his smiling presence



BELOW: A camp kitchen is set up here on the coast by Edinburgh Girl Guides, who show their ingenuity in constructing an "ex tempore" stove

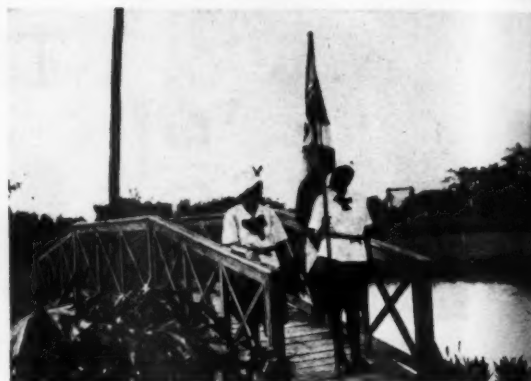
Girl Scouts The

*Here, there, everywhere—
the same good fellowship*



ABOVE: An Hawaiian horseback excursion of Girl Scouts climbing up to the crater of Mauna Loa, rests a moment beside the brilliant "silver-sword" in the foreground

RIGHT: These Girl Scouts of Bangkok are carrying the flag of Siam, and seem to have just returned from an inviting exploration beyond the bridge



ABOVE: H. R. H. the Prince of Wales reviewed Northern Rhodesian Girl Guides last July. Spick and span was the word for that July day, we suggest when a Prince passes by



ABOVE: First aid in Auckland, New Zealand, is carried on by expert Girl Guides. Sorry, but we had to cut the appreciative crowd on the shore. (Try asking a convenient parent how far it is to Auckland!)



ABOVE: Order please! It, we are prepared to, a business-like and practical look at the Girl Guide Hammers,



RIGHT: Hungry as bears, she knows and we know—for what's mere geographical difference when mess draws near—will be the Girl Guides who will come running through the beautiful woods of Newfoundland

LEFT: From Suomi, Finland, comes this striking photograph, poster-like in its simplicity. What stories must be told 'round the camp-fire in the long twilight evenings of this northern region



The World Over

re—same good times together,
ship the same Girl Scout ideals



LEFT: Imagine a rally held in a castle! Yet that is just what happened in the great feudal hall of Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, which bore a part in English history

ABOVE: "Boiling the Billy" is progressing in a deserted spot of Australia. Water bags are carefully guarded and drops economized, for no more water is obtainable within three miles



er please! In minute later you'll have
pared them, after a glance at this
and pre-lookng shop maintained
Guide Hesters, in London, England



ABOVE: "The play's the thing," in Burma as everywhere. These Girl Guides have dramatized one of their native stories, which includes "action" as well as alluring costumes. What fun to have seen it!



ABOVE: To the many poor Northerners of us—think of gaily dangling our toes from a palm trunk while reading the latest *AMERICAN GIRL* under sub-tropical, Porto-Rican sunshine!



LEFT: This "patrouille," as Belgian girls call their patrol, is out from Brussels for a day in the picturesque Flemish countryside that has tempted many a painter and poet. Notice the two-wheeled cart

RIGHT: A picture of rare charm and harmony in composition. The French artist, Millet, might almost have painted it, but actually it is a photograph of Polish Girl Scouts laying the foundation of their company's house





The spirit of Midsummer, which—the old tales say—brings Titania and her band to English woods, brings Girl Guides to this Polish forest

THE night of Kupala—huge fires burn on tops of hills, maidens dance and sing around them, boys leap over the fire. Such is the merry and graceful ancient Polish festivity called *Sobótka*, known for more than twelve centuries and celebrated always on the shortest night of the year, June twenty-third.

We Guides of the Eighth Warsaw Company, remaining under the patronage of Sophie Chrzanowska, heroine of the Seventeenth Century, decided to celebrate St. John's Eve, as we had a strong wish to see once for ourselves the old customs, which give such peculiar spell to that mysterious night. We were able to accomplish it, owing to the kindness of the school director, who let free all Guides a week before the closing of schools. So we had already spent some days in the woods before our festivity, making necessary camp arrangements, and we already knew the forest and the roads around the forest house in the radius of several miles. We had found out where are the greatest thickets of ferns; our scouting section had reached the river and explored its bed.

The first scene of our festivities occurs on the bank of this very river. Of course we take a bath! The water is very cold, and we must jump and dance to keep warm. After the refreshing bath we set to making wreaths. Each Guide makes hers individually: one uses solely flowers from the meadow, the other only forest ones, and others tie together willow twigs, interweaving them with few but bright flowers; yet another adorns with some ears of corn her pretty garland. Some of the girls say silent wishes to themselves. Meanwhile we laugh and heartily joke at our and other people's ideas.

At last the work is done. We are merry but impressed with the gravity of the moment, when with wreaths on our heads and holding each others' hands we walk triumphantly into the middle of the rushing stream, the agile Squirrel leading us. Our movements become slow and conformable, we take the wreaths down and lay them solemnly on the surface of the water . . . and look! They are already floating. . . . There they are. . . .

"Mine is first. It is always in front of all!" cries the Spiderweb with enthusiasm jumping high out of gladness. We all run onto the bridge to observe better our precious

Joyous Kupala

*The festival of Midsummer Day
in a Polish Guides' camp*

By JANINA TWORKOWSKA

garlands drifting downstream.

A wreath has stopped in the willow bushes at the river bank just beneath the bridge, but we can't secure it. "Oh, Tempest, your heart will remain here, here in the forest house! Such is your omen." The wreaths are floating further on and we run madly past the bridge, leaping over ditches, avoiding skillfully nettles and

thorny shrubs in our speed—all that for the sake of not losing sight of our wreaths. They float fast, but lo! they have stopped on a whirl. What will become of them? Some get drowned, but luckily quite close to the shore. Sunbeam and the Morning Star try to rescue them, but in vain. So Pilot, the most courageous, who gained her gymnast badge some days ago, crawls cleverly on a rotten willow, touching almost with its bent stem the surface of the water, until she reaches the place of the disaster. Then she takes the poor whirling victims out of the gulf and puts them in a safer place, whence they may float to Warsaw or even to the Polish Baltic Sea, if they like it. And the other wreaths, are they drowned or did they find somehow their way to the vast world?

Meantime the sun has sunk behind the hill and a chill fog is rising from the damp meadows. We return home enchanted, simply bewitched by the impression obtained at the riverside. On the way we learn an original song, containing cheers in honor of our dear Vanda, celebrating just today her name-day. We pick flowers for her and decorative fern leaves for the second act of our festivities.

After supper there is a feverish bustle: some of the Guides are preparing the hearth and bringing the brushwood, picked beforehand. Others go to all the cottages in the forest clearing and invite all their inhabitants for our modest performance. While the programme is sketched, the fire burning bright, the artists make ready to show themselves to the eyes of the public, which is assembling in swarms. And making towards the merry fire we take seats, crosslegged, around it and begin with a song, *There in the forest something is glistening*. Now the Guides recite poetry: *Blessed be those, of Lange; Be prepared, bulwark*, of our great poetess Konopnicka, and *The Eagle*, of Czerwinski, and sing by turns Guide songs, *Oh, God, our Father; Forward, Guides; We are the future of the*

(Continued on page 52)

CANTILEVER STORES

Cut this Out for Reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Mkt.)
 Albany—45 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)
 Allentown—455 Hamilton St.
 Alton—Broadway, 1302 E. 7th Ave.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Atlanta—125 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
 Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
 Berkeley—The Bootery
 Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boston—109 Newbury St. (cor. Clarendon St.)
 Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)
 Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Hanover Pl.)
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—228 North Tryon St.
 Chicago—162 North State St. (3rd floor Butler Bldg.)
 1050 Leland (near Bway.)
 6410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
 1405 Morse Ave. (Rogers Park)
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
 Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
 Detroit—2638 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Elizabeth—358 North Broad St.
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
 Erie—Weachler Co. 924 State St.
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery
 Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Grand Rapids—Herspelshimer Co.
 Greenville—Pollock's
 Hagerstown—Bickle's Shoe Shop
 Harrisburg—217 North 2nd St.
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co.
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 375 High St.
 Houston—205 Gulf Bldg. (Take Elevator)
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diell Co.
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
 Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
 Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
 Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Stelle & Son
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt & Shand
 Lewiston, Me.—Lammy-Wellman, 110 Lisbon St.
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Fugh Bldg.)
 Long Beach, Cal.—38 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
 Lowell—The Bon Marche
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store
 Memphis—28 North Second St.
 Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
 Minneapolis—25 5th St. South
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
 Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
 Newark—397 Broad St. (2nd floor)
 New Bedford—Oliver Shoe Shop
 Newburgh—G. A. C. Van Beuren
 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)
 New Orleans—14 W. 40th St. (South of Library)
 762 Lexington Ave. (at 60th St.)
 365 E. Fordham Rd. (at Marion Ave.)
 2930 Third Ave. (152nd St.)
 13 John St. (bet. Nassau and Bway.)
 Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
 Oakland—516 15th St. (opp. City Hall)
 Oklahoma City—Feiler's, 253 W. Main St.
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.
 Pasadena—424 E. Colorado St.
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Theatre)
 Pawtucket—Evans & Young
 Peoria—105 S. Jefferson St. (Lehman Bldg.)
 Philadelphia—125 Chestnut St.
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
 Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey, 234 North St.
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Shop
 Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger
 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Sig. E. Schwetner
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Style
 Roanoke—L. Bachrach Shoe Co.
 Rochester—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
 St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
 St. Petersburg—W. L. Tillinghast
 Sacramento—1012 K Street
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Kulper Co.
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 San Diego—The Marston Co.
 San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
 Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
 Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
 Spokane—The Crescent
 Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
 Springfield, Mass.—Forbes and Wallace
 Stamford, Conn.—L. Spelke & Son
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
 Tacoma—255 S. 11th St. (Fidelity Tr. Bldg.)
 Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
 Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
 Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
 Utica—28 Blandina St. (cor. Union)
 Washington—1319 F Street (2nd floor)
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The River Acres Riddle



Mariette

(Cont. from page 16) Then he pursed his lips in a long, low whistle.

"Lucky you let me in on this!" he commented, handing back the paper to Mariette. "Looks to me as if you've had some queer doings going on around here." He sat for a time, his head in his hands, in deep thought, while the girls watched him in tense, silent interest. Presently he spoke:

"The king pin of this whole affair seems to me to be that fellow who got mugged up in the auto smash up at Abercrombie's. We ought to know more about him."

"Yes, but how do you know he had anything to do with it?" cried Dorita.

"I don't, but I'm going to find out. So long! See you later!" And Dick, to their immense astonishment, jumped up from the bench, ran to where he had parked his car and was off down the road and across the bridge before they could get their breath to expostulate.

"Well, can you beat *that*?" gasped Mariette. "Where in the world is he going?"

"I don't know, but I can guess," cried Mariette in some exasperation. "He's off up to Abercrombie's farm and I suppose he's going to make a lot of inquiries there and give the whole thing away. Oh, I wish we hadn't told him—or at least that we'd warned him to keep it a secret. We've spoiled everything now."

They sat in gloomy silence for a long time watching the darkness fall over the river and listening to the whip-poor-will who had again tuned up for the night. It was more than usually warm for the season and they hated to go indoors. Besides that, they were curious to see if there would be any further mysterious doings in the region of the fence-post and they had a forlorn hope that Dick might just happen to come back that way and have something of interest to tell them. Sure enough, about three-quarters of an hour later, Dick came thumping across the bridge. They recognized his car before it reached their shore by the peculiar screeching horn it boasted. He drove into the yard and jumped out, calling to them softly in the darkness.

"Here—in the same place!" they called back and he raced over to them and plumped down on the bench with a gleeful chuckle.

"What have you been doing?" they demanded in a breath.

"Just a little sleuthing on my own hook," he parried, nothing loath to tease them a bit before he satisfied their curiosity.

"Dick Haydon, did you go up to Abercrombie's?" demanded Dorita sternly.

"I certainly did. You guessed right the very first time," he teased.

"And I suppose you went in and asked a lot of questions about that—that man and told all you knew and gave the whole

thing away," announced Mariette, witheringly.

"Never went near the house," Dick quietly countered and left the girls to stare at him open-mouthed for a couple of minutes.

"Then what *did* you do?" they both demanded in one voice.

"Well, as I reckon you're entitled to know if anyone is, I drove past the house and on to the curve and took a good, long squint at the place where the smash-up occurred."

"But what was the use of that?" cried Dorita.

"Quite a little use," he replied quietly. "So much use, in fact, that it has reduced one guess to almost an absolute certainty—provided Mariette can answer me one question accurately."

"I'll try," said Mariette. "What is it?"

"You say you examined the road next morning where Dorita saw the car standing the night before and found the track of heavy tires still visible right here. Can you remember what that track looked like—any particular marking, I mean? Think hard. This is awfully important."

"Yes," cried Mariette, instantly, "I do remember. The marking had lines of circles and dashes, alternately, repeated over and over."

"Bully!" cried Dick, slapping his knee in delight. "Just exactly what I want. We've nailed it now. That car is the same one that stopped here just a little while before, and it's pretty safe to say that our smashed up man is the one who pinned that crazy code—or whatever it is—on your post!"

"But how do you know?" they both clamored.

"Easy enough. I ran up past the farm and on to the scene of the accident which is about five hundred feet further on at the curve. As I had expected, the car was still there—all smashed to bits in the gully off the road and not enough left whole of it to be worth carting away. Someone had taken off the three good tires, including the spare. But the front two were so torn to ribbons as to be useless and were still hanging there in shreds. They were just what I wanted to see, and the mark of their tread is exactly what Mariette has just described. Can anything be plainer?"

"Dick, you're a wonder!" sighed Dorita admiringly and Mariette echoed her sentiment. "But what do you suppose we'd better do next? We'd like you to keep this thing a secret as long as possible, for Grandpa's sake if nothing else. He'd be horribly upset if he thought there were anything strange going on around here."

"Yes, we'll keep it to ourselves yet awhile," agreed Dick. "I haven't any explanation myself to offer, for I haven't had the time to think it over. And as I was away when the accident occurred I didn't happen to hear any special talk about it. But I'm going to collect all the news I can glean about it between now and tomorrow and perhaps we'll get wind of something that will let in a little day-

light on this mystery. Meanwhile, if you two girls aren't too tired, you'd better take turns sitting up to watch the place again tonight, for there's no telling but what those other two may come back. You're not afraid, are you?"

"Not a bit," declared Mariette. "I feel pretty certain that whatever those two are after, it's not in this house. And they ran off like scared rabbits the minute they thought they were watched and never came back. I'll just be curious to see if they try it again."

"It's pretty plain that they were hunting for this writing," said Dick. "Just let me copy it, by the way, and I can be studying it at my leisure." He took out a notebook and copied the curious jumble of letters by the light of his pocket torch which Dorita obligingly held for him. That done, he got up to go.

"I'll hustle along down to the village and hear what the gossip is about this accident," he announced. "And I'll let you know tomorrow if anything new turns up. So long, and thanks for letting me into this mystery. Too bad you haven't a telephone connection or I'd call you up."

"Well that's the best piece of work we've done yet—letting Dick into this," declared Dorita as they drove away. "And now let's go in and arrange about how we're going to watch the ranch tonight. I'm dead sleepy and I don't trust myself to keep awake twenty minutes. Could you watch till midnight and then let me take my turn? If you get too drowsy before that, call me and I'll do my best."

Mariette agreed to take the first watch till midnight and Dorita crawled into bed and was soon dead to the world. Turn and turn about, they kept the road under constant surveillance that night, the big flashlight always ready to be used, lying on the window-sill close at hand. Not infrequently they flashed it about without any special reason, but nothing happened the night through. And at dawn they both crept into their beds to sleep till nine o'clock, again arousing dreadful ire in the breast of Mrs. Rohrbach, who wanted to get the Saturday baking done and flatly refused to fry them any more buckwheat cakes when they emerged, yawning and heavy-eyed, long after the usual breakfast hour was over.

It proved to be an uneventful day. Mariette planned to drive to the village and see if Dick had any news, but found she had a short circuit somewhere in the car and knew she would have to wait till Dick himself came up and fixed it, as he had a wizard's touch where cars were concerned and there was no garage nearer than the town. Dorita had a severe headache and spent most of the day lying on her bed, her head swathed in bandages and bay-rum. Nothing happened and they heard no news from any direction.



Dorita

Mrs. Rohrback became extremely cross because Mariette had forgotten some pies she had been asked to watch as they were baking and had let them burn, since Mariette was more interested in watching the road outside.

It was not till after dinner that evening that the tide of dull sameness turned. Dorita had recovered sufficiently to eat her dinner and help with the dishes afterward. The two girls were sitting quietly on the veranda when Dick burst

in upon them, wild excitement ablaze in his snapping brown eyes.

"Gee whiz!" he panted. "Wait till you hear what I have to tell you, and if you don't think I'm *some* little Sherlock Holmes, I'll eat my hat!"

What is Dick's news? Does it concern the injured stranger and the mystery car? Or the men who came after, looking for the code? Have you, yourself, found any key to the strange letters? Read our next issue and delve deeper into this mystery.



Mimi's Tunic

(Continued from page 23)

ing bootblack an' have fun make at you. Soon as Tony learns to speak English he can be bookkeeper in office, an' wear clean clothes an' get more money. In Palermo he do that, but here," she added, shrugging her shoulders, "where he know not the language, he have to take what he can get. But he goes to night school an' learns fast, an' pretty soon eet weel be better."

Miss Alexander called for the players just then. Mimi sped behind stage to be ready for her part, nor did Imogene, Joan, and Marylyn exchange amused glances as she went. Silently they watched her, then Joan impulsively spoke.

"Girls, we've been three snobs," she said. "Instead of showing Mimi how to do her hair, we let ourselves be amused by her poor efforts. We were ashamed to have our friends see her at the party, and have been scared to death about Tony, the bootblack. Why, it's going to be simply wonderful to have them there!"

"Yes," Marylyn agreed. "Think of Mimi knowing all she does about the Middle Ages, while we have just barely heard of them, and her mother being able to do such marvelous embroidery. If I don't ask mother to pay her for making a smock for me, my name isn't Joan Woodrow."

The production of the *Maid of Mantua* brought Junior High, Number Two, success that far exceeded the expectations of the girls.

"That little Sicilian is a dramatic genius," one of the judges exclaimed after he watched Mimi go through her part.

"Yes," another agreed, "and her costume is remarkable. Number Two always makes a good showing on stage settings and lighting effects, but she's never done anything like this tonight in the dress of the Mantua Maid. It's hard to believe there has not been a lot of money spent on that tunic."

A few minutes later a decision was read from the stage.

"Because of her excellent work as Francesca, Mimi Toretti wins the part of Enlightenment in the pageant, and the

cup for the best sets and costumes goes to Junior High, Number Two," the chairman of the committee announced.

But no one was surprised, for from the moment the Mantua girl first appeared there had been no doubt in the mind of anyone what the decision would be. But best of all, it was the dawn of a new day for Mimi. The night of the party, after she and her brother had won cheers and whole-hearted applause by their dancing of the tarantella, Joan took her aside.

"If your mother will make tunics to sell as beautiful as the one you have on, my mother will get all her friends to buy them, and she can earn a lot of money without going away from home."

"Yes," Imogene added, "and dad says he will take Tony into his office as helper, even if he hasn't finished his course at night school."

For a moment Mimi did not answer. She looked from one to the other, her eyes wide with astonishment and joy. Then, in rich, quivering tones, she exclaimed, "Oh, you lovely Americans! Now I forget all the hard theings I have theenk about you. Soma times when I see you smile because I wear ugly clothes an' can't feex my hair pretty like yours, I go home an' cry bitter tears. An' I say to mother, 'I want to go once more to Italia, where eet ees home an' we have friends.' An' she feel sad an' wish eet too, only we have not the money for travel, an' must stay. But now," she added, and her voice broke with feeling as she spoke, "you geeve me so moch, so moch! You make America be home to me, my country!"

Not one of the girls could answer her, for something crept into their throats that held them silent. Perhaps it was the realization, as they thought of the months of loneliness, homesickness, and heartache through which the immigrant girl had bravely gone to school, loneliness, homesickness, and heartache made more poignant by the amused glances that were exchanged because of her broken English and her homely clothes, that she had brought more to them than they had given her.

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You can also make lamp shades to sell, or for gifts. You and your girl friends will enjoy making these together. They cost but very little, hardly one-fourth as much as shades of silk, cretonne or parchment.

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Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 27)

told those ladies something about Scout work. Eight girls were allowed to join. One of the ladies became Captain. For some months we worked for the initiation (Tender-foot) and third-class badges. In February we were enrolled by a Captain from Amsterdam.

Hoping to receive your early reply, I remain

Your Scout sister,
Helder, Holland. Big Owl.

From Switzerland

This quaintly expressed letter from a Swiss girl who lives in a medieval castle, was received by a Girl Scout in Pottstown, Pa.:

DEAR EVELYN: Before all I thank you more much as I can say for the pretty flowers' book and the picture you send me. I was delighted with flowers, for I like, as you, anything that belongs to nature, chiefly flowers. For your picture, I am glad to know who I am writing to, but I hope receive one where you are bobbed hair, for it will resemble more to you now.

Many thanks too for your pin-Scout. Here is mine. It is only that of Swiss girls. I like it so much. It represents the cross of the Swiss flag, and a fire with three logs, which remind us of the Girl Scout oath, the fire which purifies all, the sacred fire which burns in us, and too the Cironac's fire that we, Girl Scouts, are fond of.

We camped this summer at Barmaz, over Champery, in the Alps. We were in "extra-courts" (a kind of trousers) all the time. It was delicious. I am so fond of camping. The life in the open is so beautiful, especially when the Scout fraternity unites us.

I would like to have a small American flag, as you ask me. I will send you a Swiss one next time.

I am sure my English is deplorable, but you know, during holidays all is nearly forgotten. I hope to hear from you soon, and I shake affectionately and "Scoutly" left hand with you.

Castle Villars, Renée Lennwald.
Lausanne, Switzerland.

From Finland

One of the most interesting messages we opened was a copy of a Girl Scout poem, by Eino Leino, translated from Finnish into English verse by Anna Krook:

Groves of birch-trees murmur mildly,
Human hearts sing life eternal.
He who once will hear this singing,
Longs for'er for dreams so blissful:
There, will ring the camp-song finest,
Where the dangers are the greatest,
Where the morning-views are fairest,
Where all mankind's zeal is warmest.

From Czechoslovakia

Again Helen Ferris scores. But we can remember that we all may write through the International Post Box.

DEAR HELEN FERRIS: First of all Czechoslovak Girl Guides like to be out from the cities in the forests, and to live for some days in the nature. We always have a summer camp for two or three weeks. We build up our tents in beautiful places, and to have

the tents higher and more comfortable, we always put three or four boards under the tents. The Guides like to decorate their little houses. They think out all necessary and luxury objects, and make them out of any material they can find in the neighborhood. Also the kitchen requires much of work. Our Guides generally build up the kitchen stove themselves from the bricks, or if they cannot get bricks, they surely find stones.

In the daily excursions they make open fire, and cook their meals between two big stones on which they can easily put their pots.

The best companies are selected to make excursions to other counties where the Guides start, and show them something from the Guide life. This summer, all Guides met together in Prague, our capital, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Girl Guides in Czechoslovakia.

Yours sincerely,
Lila Filipová-Syllabova.
Prague, Czechoslovakia.

From Hungary

DEAR MRS. LOW: In the name of the Hungarian Girl Scouts Association, I wish you and to all the dear Girl Scout Sisters a most prosperous and happy New Year.

May the noble Spirit of our great Sisterhood be spread all over the world; then there will be once more true love and peace on earth.

With all good wishes and the utmost kind Guide greetings,

"Yo munkát!"—Yours very sincerely,
Antonia Lindenmeyer,
President of Hungarian G. Scouts A.
Budapest, Hungary.

From South Africa

Now for a long, swift glide down the east coast of Africa to very near the tip end. This message comes addressed to every one of you.

DEAR GIRL SCOUTS: I am writing to tell you of our high school company of Girl Guides. We camped last time on a farm about five miles from the school. We slept in a large open barn which accommodated about eighty Guides and three Guiders. It was a very convenient spot, with good water not far off, lots of hay for us to sleep in, and plenty of nice dry fire-wood.

Our "kitchen" was about fifty yards from the barn. It was near a clump of trees under which the girls had meals, sitting in a large semi-circle. We had two fairly large fire trenches in the kitchen and a nice long table to work at. As the kitchen was "strictly private" to cooks only, we fenced it off with wire.

I wonder if you have the same sort of meals as we do. I will tell you one day's menu.

Breakfast: Oatmeal porridge with milk and sugar (we are very fond of brown sugar). Then bread and butter with polani. After a meat course of some sort, we usually had bread and jam and fruit such as oranges and apples. At nearly every meal we each had a large handful of nuts, either peanuts or almonds.

Dinner: Roast meat or a stew, with plenty of vegetables, such as potatoes, rice, pumpkin, beetroot, carrots, turnips, followed by a sweet course of nuts and fruit.

Supper: As the evenings were very cold
(Continued on page 50)

Visit far countries via the Earn-Your-Own route

Let's Talk About Clothes

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor of the "Woman's Home Companion"

Illustration by Katherine Shane

I BELIEVE spring never came so early—to the New York shops—as it came this year. The Christmas goods didn't really have a chance, and I hadn't even bought my winter underwear, before the windows all along Fifth Avenue put on their fluffiest clothes.

It may be that pinks and blues and creamy yellows look fragile and alluring when seen through a frosty window glass, with the winds whistling around your coat collar and the thermometer freezing. But it did seem to me this year that colors and fabrics had never been so seable and touchable and wantable.

If you like green you will not be able to describe or resist the misty shade that they are showing this year in sweet little two-piece dresses of crêpe de chine or jersey or Chinese brocade.

If you like pinky-tawny-brownish tones, you are going to be completely bowled over by *bois de rose*. And you'll probably be only one of a very large number who will join the *bois de rose* parade on Easter morning. It's a lovely subtle warmish tone, you know, with a rose ingredient and a brownish aroma. Of course I can't describe it either. But it's lovely in two-pieces of kasha, in ensembles of flat crêpe, in suits of tweed, in hats of ballbuntill, felt or grosgrain, and in shoes of kid or suede.

Two-piece jumper dresses I find still popular, and I like them just as well as I always have. I had planned to show you a picture of a two-piece, and then I remembered that some girls—if they're the least bit plump—find straightline, one-piece dresses more flattering, and some girls—even thin ones—prefer them. So I compromised on a dress that's quite a favorite of mine because it manages to be both: one-piece really, you know, but with a two-piece look in the front. And, of course, pleats.

I told Miss Shane to illustrate it in jersey in that new, very pale green shade, with trimmings just a little darker. And it looks to me as if she had followed my ideas exactly. Smart, isn't it? I thought it would be a very nice dress for any of you for spring. I can see it, also, in dull green rajah, in tan crêpe de chine, or in one of the new prints, say in red and white.

It's very hard for a fashion

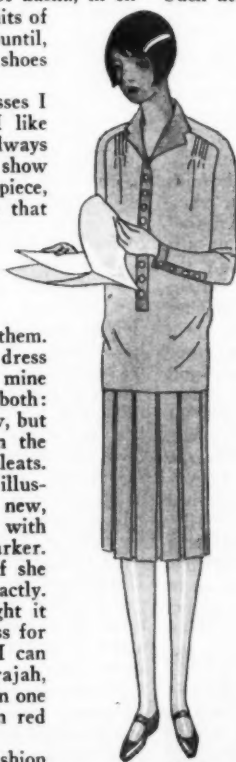
writer not to play favorites, and I always show my glee when pleats are stylish. I've been watching them sneaking back by way of a kick pleat here and a group of pleats there, and I'm certainly happy to see that this spring they've at last got all around the skirt again. Fine pleated skirts are being shown with jumpers and also with short tailored coats. I saw a very seamanlike suit the other day that combined a fine pleated white skirt with a short blue serge box coat.

Yes, navy blue is another old friend that we have with us again. One of the cunningest suits that has come over to us from Molyneux in Paris is of dark blue cloth, with a brief jacket and a flared skirt.

It's sort of fun to be wearing a real suit again, after such a long time of dresses and coats, isn't it? I've seen a good many in tweed that I liked, and also in kasha. And here and there you'll find what the shops call a *composé* suit, with a skirt of one material and a coat of another. Checks or stripes often appear in these.

But please don't think for a minute that there aren't coats. And capes. Such attractive top coats in tweed or in jersey. And really charming capes, too, matching their dresses often in fabric or may-be just in color—such as tweed with jersey, or jersey with printed silk. And do let me tell you also about the perfectly delectable quilted taffeta coats that I saw being sent to Florida. Of course, I'd never hope to own one myself, but they are so nice to think about. And thinking about one's spring clothes, and planning them and buying them, of course is almost as much fun as really wearing them.

This is the *Woman's Home Companion* pattern No. 4633 G. It comes in sizes 14 to 20. Size 16 requires two and one-half yards of fifty-four inch material, with one-half yard contrasting material. There's a transfer for a little embroidered chicken on the front of the blouse. The whole pattern costs thirty-five cents and can be ordered from the Service Department, *Woman's Home Companion*, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Around the World in Books

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

I'VE been waiting for this International Number: there's a line of books on the shelf over my desk that has been gathering from all over the world. Where do you want to go first? Let's go to France.

Little Sea Dogs (Duffield) is by the greatest French author of this century, Anatole France. I don't mean greatest author for girls and boys either, but greatest every way: his name was really Thibault, but it was fitting his pen name should be that of his country. But along with his grown-up novels he wrote such charming books for and about young people that one who reads them feels forever friends with French girls and boys. *Little Sea Dogs* is the name of the first story in the book, and is about sailors' children, but the rest of the stories are about all sorts of girls and boys: Suzanne, who when she was a baby talked to the star; Pierre, who had been ill and couldn't eat until they gave him a toy farm for Christmas and after that he found his appetite; all the little folks at Guignol. Do you know who, or what, Guignol is? An out-of-door Punch-and-Judy show such as you see along the park-like street that runs through the finest part of Paris. Children sit on the rows of little benches rapt in wonder and delight, and when Punch asks them a question in his squeaky voice, they bounce with excitement and all carol out the reply just like a chorus of birds. This book has jolly colored pictures. I told you before of another French book, an old favorite called *Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris*, by Eugenia Foa (Lippincott), which has been newly published here.

There are so many good books from England that I must choose one that has many authors and stories in it, so as to get as much as possible into one volume. *Number 3 Joy Street* (Appleton) is an annual, and you might know from the title that this is the third year that it has appeared. Another annual much like it is out for the first time this year, called *The Flying Carpet* (Scribner), and I would have a hard time to say which one I like better. Men and women like A. A. Milne,

Eleanor Farjeon, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, contribute stories and poems. I think I shall have to give *Joy Street* a head start because it has such a beautiful tale by Walter de la Mare, who is, I think, the very best writer for boys and girls in England, where very good writers indeed are proud to write for them.

Padraic Colum you probably know, and if you do, read all he writes, but perhaps you don't know what you are missing if you happen not to know him. He is Irish, and on my international book shelf, his new book stands for Ireland, but it is about no country on earth, taking place as it does in the marvelous realm of romance. *The Forge in the Forest* it is called (Macmillan), and contains stories of earth and air, fire and water, of Phæthon who tried to drive the horses of the sun, of Pegasus, King Solomon, and Saint Martin. This is an uncommonly well printed and bound book, and the pictures add another country to our collection, for they were made by Boris Arzbyacheff, a Russian.

The Fat of the Cat (Harcourt, Brace) comes from Switzerland, where Gottfried Keller, born in a brightly-painted, pointed-roofed house a hundred years ago, has been for more than one generation as popular as the Grimm Brothers in Germany, and, for the same reason—his fascinating stories. He made a whole world of houses and people, animals that talk, and all the other conveniences of life, and everyone in his country knows them all as well as if they lived across the street. This book is named for the first story in it, which has its name from telling how people came to say, when someone made a bad bargain, "he had tried to buy the fat off the cat." Louis Untermeyer the poet adapted these tales for English readers, and Albert Sallak made the pictures. You know a good deal about Switzerland anyway: *Heidi* came from there.

Piccolo Pomi, by Antonio Beltramelli (Dutton) comes from Italy. An orphan boy is turned out by his aunt to take care of himself, and in the course of his wandering, he looks for a poor girl named

You will want to know "Cactus Kate"—the daughter of a hundred ears

Veronella. I'll have to tell you beforehand that he finds her and that everything comes out charmingly, for he really does have a trying and exciting time before the happy conclusion. Have you seen the fine new *Pinocchio* published by Macmillan, with colored pictures made for it in Italy? You know the story of the puppet, of course, for everyone does (or should), but these new pictures are so exactly what they ought to be that it is no wonder that children in public libraries crowd around a copy and exclaim with delight—here's a feast for your small brother and sister.

From sunny Italy to the snowy home of the Eskimo is a long jump on the map, but you may take it by just opening the next book on my shelf, *Told Beneath the Northern Lights*, by Roy J. Snell (Little, Brown). These are Eskimo legends such as story-tellers hand down from one to another, about how the world began, how the first man felt when he had the first good cry, about a giant so huge that when a man stepped on his lip by mistake when he was lying down and made him sneeze, his breath sent the poor fellow so high into the air that his village never saw him again. Speaking of legends, there is a little book of Indian ones by G. M. Gearhart called *Skalaloot Stories* (Stratford) prepared for Boy Scouts but good for you too; I should think this and the Eskimo one would make good campfire stories. Skalaloot means spirit that dwells in the shadows. I think the last syllable sounds as if it liked to squeak at you from around the corner.

Shen of the Sea comes from China: Arthur Bowie Chrisman has told some amusing stories and Dutton publishes them. These are most unusual little tales, full of life and spirit; they bounce along so gaily that they make you feel at home in the Flowery Kingdom. Did you know how many Girl Scouts or Guides there are in China? I was permitted to attend the meeting of the international organization in London last summer, and the report from China was immensely interesting, and a great surprise to me.

In this very magazine is a picture of Chinese girls starting off to camp.

Room for only one more? Then it must be *International Plays*, by Virginia Olcott (Dodd, Mead), a book I would like to see in the camp library of any school or troop. Not only are the little plays, one for each country, easy to give and worth giving, but along with each is printed a list of "good reading," stories that will tell you something more about the life of the country shown in the play. These countries are England, Greece, Italy, France, Armenia, Germany, Japan, and Switzerland. Directions for producing and costuming are given in full, and there are pictures, of which several are in color.



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The Goblets of St. Martin

(Continued from page 9)

it moved upward, glimmering unsteadily upon the shutter. And stray wisps of light fell upon a lean, cunning face. A short man, short as the brigadier. But not so straight! He was stooped. . . . Julie had seen him before somewhere!

She felt new terrors trickling down her spine. She thought flightily of the seven golden goblets of St. Martin. How much they were worth! Why, she was running, scurrying like a frightened rabbit, forgetful of flower beds, mud to the ankles, and fear choking her throat. The gate was locked! Of course it was locked! But how had he got in . . . this man at the window? Solomon? Solomon who walked through stone walls as if they were fog!

Julie twisted at the iron handle, jerked down the gate chain, careless of noise. The panel moved. She slipped through to the road, glancing back once over her shoulder. At the same moment another match flared and the wind blew it out.

The village of St. Martin below the hill showed three dim lamps. It was late . . . nearly ten o'clock, and good citizens must be abed by now. And when Norman villagers do go to bed under their thick red quilts, they close all windows and bar all the solid shutters, for they fear night air.

But even three dim lights were better than the dark park about the castle, with a round-shouldered man peeking at windows as if he never had heard of honesty and the wind howling like a box of nightmares. Where the hill swept down sharply to the village street another shadow bulked up right in the center of it, blocking Julie's path.

"Halt!" it shouted. "In the name of the republic and by the honor of the police! Halt!"

"Help!" Julie screamed.

Then: "You, my Brigadier! Quick, let me go. . . . I saw your man Solomon! Let me pass!"

The brigadier held her tight by the wrists.

"You have had a bad fright," he said very wisely. "Come, Julie. Spit out your foolishness. Hold your knees together so, and the fear will pass. . . ."

"But I saw him! At the window! Trying to steal the goblets! Solomon, I say! Your wicked Solomon, looking at windows in the castle . . . with a match. . . ."

"Eh?" Brigadier Gaspard released her wrists. "By my sword, I believe she means it! Come, must I shake your head off? Tell me in sensible language! What saw you?"

Julie Laurent started to tell him, panting, of her search for the cow.

"Yes, your mother was worried. I came to hunt you. Go on. It is not the cow interests me."

"And as I came out of the woods I was in the castle grounds. He is there, striking matches, a man with a face like a wormy apple!"

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MISS HELEN FERRIS, Editor, The American Girl,
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Mar. '26

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Thank you for the invitation to join the "Earn-Your-Own" Club. Please send me everything I'll need to get AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions.

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Every girl can be good-looking—

The brigadier was running. Julie he pulled to his side.

"This Solomon thinks he can fool Gaspard? Run, girl, back to the gendarmerie. Rouse up my helpers, Clement and Thibaud . . . tell them to hurry!"

The wind had dropped for an instant. Before Julie could so much as turn her face toward the village, from within the castle wall sounded two quick revolver shots, one close after the other.

The brigadier charged into the gate. Julie flattened against the wall. She heard running feet, heard a shutter bang open and the brigadier's voice calling sternly upon someone to halt. Then galloping feet coming toward her.

Solomon? Fleeing in an instant through the open gate? Julie reached for the handle and jerking it toward her felt the latch snap shut. She heard a running body plunge against it, heard frantic fingers tear at the latch, heard the voice of the brigadier storming like a sky full of wind, heard his panting.

"Halt!" the old policeman cried. "Before I must waste good bullets! Put up your hands . . . so!"

He had captured Solomon!

Julie sat down weakly in the mud. Brigadier Gaspard of St. Martin, where nothing, not even a cheese, had been stolen in a lifetime, had captured the famous Solomon!

"What's the rioting?" This was the marquis shouting from a window. "Who's there, spoiling the flower beds?"

"Come, give a hand! My marquis! Quick!" The brigadier snapped a chain. "You squash!" he cried at his prisoner. "You would try to outwit Gaspard? Never mind, you are handcuffed! The smart Solomon!"

A servant ran down the gravel path, waving a lantern. Julie slipped through the gate. And there, face up in the grass, lay the fiddler!

The blind fiddler! The man who had supped for nothing that very night at her father's long table. *He* was Solomon! Blind? Why should a blind man go striking matches? And where were his black glasses and the ugly eyeshade?

"This is Solomon!" cried Julie.

"Aye!" Brigadier Gaspard poked the trickster in the ribs with his boot. "Speak up, fellow," he demanded, "what was that shooting I heard?"

"He shot at a cow!" answered the servant. "A strayed cow, my brigadier!" He spoke excitedly. "The bullet clipped her tail . . . she must have frightened him. . . ."

"A cow?" screamed Julie. "Clipped her tail? Rozette. . . ."

"Rozette!" echoed the brigadier. "Here, here, Julie Laurent, have your wits gone daft?"

Even Solomon raised to stare. For Julie was patting Rozette's neck, rubbing her nose, talking, crying out words that Brigadier Gaspard called foolish. Rozette rolled her eyes in the lantern light, looking very wet and sleepy and annoyed.

"But come," the marquis was saying, "we will lock this blind man in the cellar till morning where he can't see. The rest of us . . . come, Brigadier; come, Julie . . . we must hear the whole story."

(Continued on page 45)

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Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your troop?

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly, and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.



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**A Genuine Parker Lady Duofold
Gold Mounted Pencil
Free of all Cost**

To each Girl Scout Troop ordering at least seven gross of the pencils at a time, we will give one of the above pencils free of all cost. We suggest that this be awarded to the member of the Troop selling the most pencils during the campaign.

A.G. Mar.-'26 19....
THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:
You may send us gross "Benefit Pencils" in
finish enamel at \$4.50 per gross and print from the following
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It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more
of the pencils we are to receive a genuine Parker Lady Duofold
Pencil—free.

Name of Troop.....

Captain

City or Town.....

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No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being
printed cannot be returned for credit.

When writing to advertisers mention "The American Girl"

Lucy's Valiant Day

(Continued from page 13)

the warm sand. It was not white like the sand of northern beaches, but orange in the sunlight, striped with the straight black shadows of the palm-trunks, each crowned with its feathery head-dress of leaves and with round bobby clusters that were green cocoanuts.

"There are not many people in this morning," said Lucy, glancing at the inviting blue with a practised eye. "Too early, I suppose. Maybe those boys back there will come in later."

Nathalie dug the toe of her bathing-slipper into the sand. Heaps of little shells shone about them, drifted into shining mounds, rose-pink and soft green, primrose yellow and dark, clear violet. They looked like petals shaken down by the wind in a flower-garden. The spider-lilies scattered in clumps here and there, and the broad leaves of the sea-grapes running over the sand, fostered the illusion. Again Nathalie sighed contentedly in her delight with the peace and beauty of the tropical shore.

But Lucy was too active to remain idle long, even in this enchanting spot. She challenged her cousin gaily, "Race you in!" Both girls jumped up, careful to avoid stepping on a jelly fish that palpitated, a pale pink mass, on a strand of seaweed.

They plunged headlong down the sloping beach, so intent on their race that they paid no attention to the familiar buzz of an aeroplane which circled high above the grove of palm-trees behind them. They did not turn to see the young military architects stop scooping in the sand in order to gaze eagerly into the arching blue sky where the dark wings of the plane described lovely, sweeping curves. Nor did they nor anyone else notice that Juanito, quick to take advantage of his friend's lapse of attention, had also run down the beach and slipped into the water. There he played about close to the shore for a few moments like a baby dolphin, and then, with the grace of the island-born, swam hardily out toward the foaming reef. He was not missed; for a second plane had joined the first, and the boys were fascinated by the way in which the two matched one another in difficult manoeuvres above the palm-tops.

Meanwhile Lucy was swimming about with firm, long strokes, enjoying herself immensely in the warm water. Now and then she turned to call a merry word of advice or encouragement to Nathalie, who splashed ingloriously but happily near the shore. Daringly Lucy swam farther out. She had just decided that it would be foolhardy to go farther when a great yell went up from the beach, followed by a piercing scream from Nathalie. Lucy looked back in amazement. She could see nothing on shore to cause the excitement. Then, following the frantic gestures of the group, she gazed toward the outer reef. Her blood seemed to turn to ice at what she saw. Little Juanito was out there, beyond her, perilously near the rocks, struggling

with a current far exceeding his strength and skill.

There was no swimmer anywhere near but herself. It was not a question of foolhardiness now. The child would die unless she could reach him in time. With eye and mind alike Lucy measured the distance between herself and the little soldier. Juanito was barely able to keep himself afloat; that much was evident. His movements in the water were bewildered and uncertain. From the clamor on the beach Lucy knew that the boys were starting out after him, but she knew too that they could never reach him in time. Every second was precious. While she was thinking all this out, she swam steadily ahead. It was deep water now, but she refused to let herself think of her own danger. She kept her mind fixed on the one thought of getting Juanito back to safety. He had not seen her coming, and with a despairing wail was on the point of going under when Lucy, with a final spurt forward, came up to him. She supported him for an instant reassuringly. The child's strength and courage seemed to come back in a leap at the unexpected help. He clutched at Lucy a moment, then quickly recovered his presence of mind like the valiant little swimmer he was, and struck out again for himself, headed docilely for shore.

Their progress was very slow, because the child was tired and not entirely recovered from his fright; though he hobbled his head sideways from the water to grin ashamedly at Lucy. She supported him from time to time. They seemed to crawl through the long green swells. Then all at once Lucy saw something that demanded every ounce of her strength and self-command—a huge gray mass in the water, like a submerged canoe. And it was moving swiftly. They were in deadly peril. A shark had seen them!

Before Lucy's terror-stricken eyes the mass veered slightly to one side with a flash of white belly, and moved swiftly backwards. The wicked little eyes, set far back in the head, had sighted them as the monster glided past. In order to seize them in its enormous jaws, it had to back off and then rush straight forward at its prey. Lucy knew she could not swim away, but every drop of fighting blood she possessed made her determine to resist the horrible approaching fate. Even as she glimpsed dimly through the glassy water the great open gullet yawning toward them she kicked and splashed about with all her might. Perhaps she remembered the older boy's words. Perhaps it was her native Yankee wit. But—"Kick! Kick!" she gasped terrified to Juanito; not even remembering that he spoke another language than her own.

But Juanito was island bred and though he had never before faced a shark, he already knew what to do. Thrashing and floundering about in the water, the two of them sent up a fountain of spray

(Continued on next page)

One of the rules for health A quart of milk a day

Make sure you get this necessary amount of milk every day. For milk is the most important food you can have—especially while you are growing.

There are all kinds of delicious ways to take milk—that you'll really enjoy and not find tiresome.

And Borden's makes them all. This company—the oldest and largest in the industry—puts up the finest milk in many different forms to suit all your different needs.

There's *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, for instance. Wonderful for all home cooking—and great on camping trips and hikes because it's so easy to carry and keep.

Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, too. Thousands of girls and boys drink it regularly to build up their weight and health. Good as a spread on bread and crackers, or poured over fruit and cereal—because it's sweetened.

Borden's Malted Milk is a delicious drink, either hot or cold. Get it at the drug store, made up with all kinds of delectable flavors—or mix it at home yourself.

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GET THE BEST



The New Midget Pin

Girl Scouts, Leaders, Commissioners, Council Members, and other persons actively interested in Scouting now may have a tiny golden trefoil to wear when not in uniform. Just like the tenderfoot pin, only smaller, in the size you see above. Gold filled, \$.50.

**National Equipment
Department**

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"Pamela's Bandit"—A new story by Jane Abbott—Coming

Want Your Camp Outfit Free? You May Have It

Of course you're going to camp with your Troop this summer—and what a great time you and the other girls are planning to have, too.

But already you know a great deal of your good time depends on having the right camp equipment. You'll need lots of things. Have you a wrist watch? A flashlight? A first-aid kit? How about a poncho and signal flags? Why not earn some or all of these things free by being an AMERICAN GIRL Representative in your locality, and looking after new and renewal subscriptions?

It's easy to secure subscriptions for the AMERICAN GIRL, for it is a magazine not only for Girl Scouts, but for all girls. Show your copy to your friends, and you'll be surprised how many will want it, and will be glad to subscribe through you. Also show it to some of the mothers and aunts and tell them what a fine birthday gift for a girl the AMERICAN GIRL is. You'll be astonished how quickly you can earn your camp equipment. Below is a list of things you may want, and the number of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions needed to earn each.

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Bloomers	5	4
Knickers	6	4
Middy	5	4
Hat	4	3
Neckerchief	1	
Neckerchief (silk)	5	4
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Coat Sweater	20	15
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Troop Flag	14	11
Troop Pennant	4	3
Flag Carrier	7	5
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First Aid Book	3	2
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Scout Law Poster	1	
Axe	5	4
Blankets	16	12
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Toilet Kit	6	5
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Canteen (tin)	5	4
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Compass (radiolite)	4	3
First Aid Kit (small)	3	2
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Haversack (small)	5	4
Haversack (large)	7	5
Knife (Sheath)	4	3
Knife (large)	4	3
Knife (small)	3	2
Mess Kit	9	7
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Poncho (large—60x80)	12	9
Ring (silver)	4	3
Ring (gold)	10	8
Sewing Kit	1	
Stationery	2	1
Stockings	2	1
Sun Watch	3	2
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Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscription.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

The Goblets of St. Martin

(Continued from page 41)

So the tales were told and retold in the long main room of the castle, while they sat about the old oaken table. One of the servants rushed away to the village and brought back Julie's father, still wearing his nightcap, and her mother who panted after him, and the other gendarmes with their side arms rattling and half the town besides.

The marquis patted Julie's shoulder. "You saved the goblets, girl," he said. "We must celebrate."

The marquis himself brought the gold pieces in on a platter, seven tall goblets so heavy that his arms trembled from carrying them. When they were rubbed they shone so brightly in the light of the candles that Julie forgot Solomon down cellar with his hands locked together.

"There they are," the marquis cried proudly, "and tomorrow we celebrate... with a banquet right here. Close up the inn for a day, Laurent. Come, all of you. We will drink from the goblets in honor of Mademoiselle Julie."

Julie Laurent blushed. Beyond the wooden shutters there sounded a heavy stomping in the mud. She remembered Rozette outdoors in the rain, swishing her tail that the bullet had clipped.

"But Monsieur le Marquis," she exclaimed, "it was not my fault I came upon Solomon. It was Rozette. Rozette the cow. She is very intelligent..."

Brigadier Gaspard slapped his boot with his big red hand.

"You would not ask her to the banquet?" he shouted, puffing out his cheeks.

"No... but..."

"But what?" howled the brigadier.

"A cow!"

"She can furnish the milk," answered Julie Laurent's mother.

An International Hike

By HELEN FERRIS

Yes, I know many of you will have an International Masquerade, with every girl dressed in the costume of some other country—you may have an International Bazaar, with a Japanese tea garden among other things—you may give an International Play (see the book of such plays described by Mrs. Becker on her Book Page). But I wish to give you a new plan—an International Hike! You will find ideas a-plenty for it on page twenty-six in Miss Vachell's story about the British Girl Guides. There you will find menus for your hike, stunts, and a song. Why not add to it a Treasure Hunt, with each station in the Treasure Hunt a different country? Why, you will be able to go around the world in an afternoon! And at each station, you will find a message to you from the girls of that country—the messages in this issue.

Whatever you do, you will write me about it, won't you? And if you can possibly have a picture taken of your International Celebration, you will send it to me, won't you?

3 handy packs for 5¢

More For Your Money



Four joyous, fragrant peppermint shock-absorbers in each wax-wrapped handy packet.

Your mouth is all set for it. Your appetite and digestion need it.

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Don't wait.

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Repetti's Caramels packed in a clip, and wrapped in a special transparent paper.



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Everybody buys candy. Friends and acquaintances of your Girl Scouts would rather buy from them than from a store, for their candy will be fresh from the factory. Your members can get this trade merely by asking for it—and in this way you can build up a business that will bring in considerable money for your troop.

The many advantages we offer should particularly appeal to all troops who want to make money for their cause. First—selling candy by the Girl Scouts is dignified. Second—our candy bars are well known for quality and goodness. Third—we guarantee all candy shipped, and fourth—the profit is large.

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

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	No. 1 50 boxes	No. 2 25 boxes	Trial Order No. 3—12 boxes
Selling price (\$1.20 per box).	\$60.00	\$30.00	\$14.40
Cost to you (Ex. Pd.) 80c per box	40.00	20.00	10.00
Your profit.....	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$4.40

The 5c sellers are packed 24 in a box. The 10c sellers are packed 12 in a box. The 1c sellers 120 in a box.

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Gentlemen:

Please send to us, express paid, the assortment that we have marked below. We agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival. We understand that candy can be returned at your expense if not satisfactory.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Mason Peaks—Fresh Cocoanut and Chocolate.
Mason Mints—Cream Patties and Chocolates.
Mason Nougat—Almond, Nougat and Chocolate.
Mason Golden Piece—Caramel, Cocoanut, Peanuts.
Mason Toros—Peanut Cluster and Chocolate.
Mason Wints—Wintergreen Pattie and Chocolate.
Mason Malobar—Marshmallow, Nuts and Chocolate.
Mason Cream Bars—Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange.
Repetti Cream Caramels—Assorted, 6 in a clip.
Repetti Rambler—Peanut, Caramel and Chocolate.
Repetti Peanut Brittle—Chocolate Covered.
Repetti Marshmallow Caramel.
Kerr's Butter Scotch—Old Fashioned Flavor.
Taylor's Butter Roast—Peanut and Butter.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Chocolate Molasses Sponge Bars.
Sportsman Bracers—Bitter Sweet Chocolates.
Milk Chocolate Peanut Bar (Peg Leg)
Peter's Almond Bars—Toasted Almonds and Chocolate.
Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Peter's Croquettes—5 Wafers packed in Bundle.
Nestle's Almond Bar—Toasted Almonds and Milk Chocolate.
Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Nestle's Milk Chocolate (Squares in Glassine Paper Bags).
Nestle's Almond (Squares in Glassine Paper Bags).

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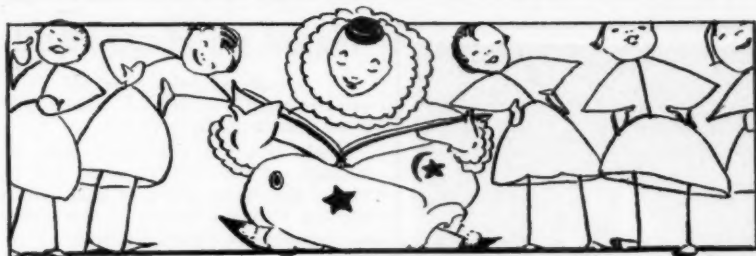
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Those who have never used our plan should start at once. You need not hesitate, because hundreds of troops have proved that our plan is the best to raise funds.



Laugh And Grow Scout

The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Betty was told to practise her music lesson after luncheon. She went to do as she was told.

After a few minutes her mother went to her and said: "Betty, I don't hear you practising."

"Oh, yes, Mother, I am. I am practising the rests."

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" from "Music and Youth"

By RUTH DEAN

Girl Scout of Rahway, N. J.

Send us your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Proof Positive

FIRST CLASS GIRL SCOUT: You don't write funny jokes; you just think you do.

TENDERFOOT: Well, I don't know. I just threw about one hundred into the fire and the fire roared.—Bayonne Times. Sent by ROSE ZENDZIAN, Bayonne, N. J.

Tears

JIM (seated in park). Oh, Grace, we'd better be going. I'm sure I felt a raindrop.



GRACE: Nonsense, Jim; we are under a weeping willow.

Presence of Mind

Two Captains were discussing a hike just taken by one of the troops.

FIRST CAPTAIN: Well, as I was saying, we came to a bridge and as we went over it, it suddenly fell down.

SECOND CAPTAIN: And then what did you do?

FIRST CAPTAIN: Oh, I simply gave the order "Fall out!"—Cleveland Girl Scout Paper. Sent by SYLVIA BAKER, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Her Money's Worth.

LADY TO DOG FANCIER: Here, take this animal back. You said he was a bird dog, and he hasn't sung a note the whole two weeks we've had him.—Harvard Lampoon. Sent by HEDWIG STEHLI, Philadelphia, Pa.

Not Her Fault

MISS R. (in A.M. inspection): Don't you know how to stand at attention?

GIRL SCOUT (in over-sized uniform): I'm standing at attention. It's only my uniform that's at ease.—Bonnie Brae Echoes, Springfield, Mass., Girl Scout Camp paper.



Safe Milk

"I hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes'm," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gurgled Mrs. Newlywed. "I've been told pasteurized milk is best."—Junior Christian Endeavor World. Sent by MIRA E. SPINNING, Holland Patent, N. Y.

Narrow Escape

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war.

"The bullet went in me chest and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.—Sent by CHARLA EMERSON, Holyoke, Mass.

Yes, Different



What is the difference between a teacher and a burglar?

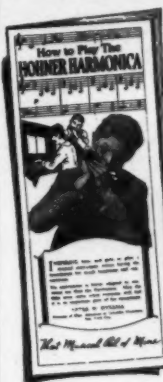
A teacher says Hands down and a burglar says Hands up.

Talent

"Does your son write any poetry?"
"Well, most of his check-book stubs read—'Owed to a bird.'"—The Goblin.

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For girls 6 years and over.
Senior, Junior, Midget Camps in one. Beautiful Lake.
200 Acres Pine, Hill Ranges near. Fully equipped. Colles
Trained Counsellors.

July 30 to August 24. Illustrated booklet.

Mrs. P. O. Pennington, 160 Tuxedo Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Hawa of Haussaland

(Continued from page 18)

seen her often, and today I spoke to her in the market place."

"Audu is not a rich man," said the Alkahali. "The dowry would not be large. But he is a devout man, and a wise one. I know him well. His daughter should make a dutiful wife."

So it was agreed and the next day Suli's father spoke with the father of Hawa. After much talk and after many pipes had been smoked in the cool shade of the high mud wall of Hawa's home, the arrangement was made.

But proposals in Haussaland are not like proposals in America. All must be done by proxy. So Suli spoke to his best boy friend, Musa, and Musa went to Asamoa, who was Hawa's best friend, to tell Asamoa that Suli wished to betroth himself to Hawa, and that it had already been agreed between the fathers. The girls of a Haussa family, however, have much more choice in their husbands than the girls of an Oriental family. If Hawa did not care for Suli, she was free to refuse his offer, but she talked it over with Asamoa.

"He is tall and straight and strong, Asamoa," she said. "He owns many goats, and much English money, too. He will buy me anklets and bracelets and brilliant cloths for my hair, and I shall have a new hair dressing every month. Yes, Asamoa, you can tell Musa that I will be betrothed to Suli, and when he is finished with the schooling in three years' time, I will take my cooking pots and go with him as his wife."

This was on a Friday, the holy day of the Mohammedan Haussas. Hawa and Asamoa were leaning over the village wall again. In the square, in front of the mosque, the men were kneeling, washing their feet and hands before the prayers, and the *ladan's* sonorous voice sounded from the stair at the top of the mosque. The worshippers bowed again and again to the East, in the direction of the holy city of Mecca. The girls did not go through the open square but passed around another way, since the women did not say their prayers there.

So they went to Hawa's mother and told her that the betrothal was agreed upon.

After that, Hawa's father talked to the Alkahali, and the dowry was discussed. Not at once, but, in the manner of the East and of the tropics, after many, many meetings. They would sit around the fire in the courtyard, or quietly beneath the great, slow-wheeling stars. Tales would be told and there would be much smoking of the small carved wood and leather pipes. Slowly, slowly, the number of goats that should be paid to Hawa's father for Hawa was agreed upon. Hawa, herself, would have a certain number of print cloths for new dresses, and all her own cooking pots of baked red clay to take with her into the new household. So the agreement was made. And Hawa became betrothed to Suli.

It's not too soon to get your camp equipment. Premium list on page 45

Recipes from Many Nations

Macaroni from Spain

SCRAPS of either veal or chicken—a cup of cooked macaroni to a cup of the meat—is the foundation for macaroni cooked in the Spanish style. Season after mixing the two ingredients with a half teaspoon of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, any gravy that may have been left from the meat drippings, a tablespoon of butter, one-quarter pound of grated creamery cheese, a chopped onion, a clove of garlic, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoons of catsup, and a chopped green pepper. Let mixture all cook together slowly on top of stove for twenty minutes. By allowing it to get cold and placing in a mold, after adding a single package of unflavored gelatin, dissolved in a very little water, the dish may be served as a salad with mayonnaise dressing. In this case, garnish with strips of pimiento and slices of lemon.

Potato Cakes from far-away Russia

Peel and grate six raw potatoes, season with salt and pepper and mix in one egg. Drop onto a well-buttered griddle a spoonful at a time, leaving space between to flatten the cakes; continue to add a little butter to the griddle. Cook a golden brown on both sides. Garnish with a sprig of parsley and serve.

Napoleons from France

Beat two ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter and two ounces of sweet chopped almonds; add one-half pound sifted flour and stir well. Add the yolk of an egg, roll out very thin and bake in a tin. When cold cut into strips. Spread with jam, or with jam and whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Eggs with Mushrooms from Austria

Take a pound of fresh mushrooms, peel them, then slice and cook a few minutes in enough white broth to cover, adding seasoning of butter, pepper, salt, and a little grating of onion. Press through a coarse sieve on a plate and place on it several poached eggs. Sprinkle salt and paprika over the dish and serve.

Ranfanote from Mexico

Boil one cup of cane or corn syrup with one tablespoon orange peel and three sticks cinnamon. When it begins to boil crumb in small bits of dry bread, shredded cocoanut, walnuts, and cloves. Add butter the size of a walnut. When it boils so that it will lump in cold water, cool on plates. Sprinkle with cinnamon, break, and serve.

NOTE: These recipes are reprinted by permission from the booklet "Recipes from Many Nations," published by the Crowell Publishing Co., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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A Dignified Way to Raise Money

These needles will sell because of their excellent quality and attractive wrappers.

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CAPTAINS: Here is a dignified way of raising money. Your girls all have their own circle of friends and relations who will gladly buy good standard needles—and then re-order. Every wide-awake girl can easily sell at least twenty packets.



WARWICK CASTLE needles are made of the finest English steel. They are put up in attractive sea-green folders which will grace any work-basket. Each packet contains 25 needles. There are two assortments, 5 to 10 or 3 to 9.

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PROFIT: Each packet sells for 10 cents—we charge you five cents, which is 100 per cent profit. Your Troop can easily dispose of 360 packets and earn \$21.00.
Order 120 packets costing \$6.00 and earn \$6.00
" 240 " " 11.00 " " 13.00
" 360 " " 15.00 " " 21.00

Notice to American Girl Subscribers

No person is authorized to offer American Girl subscriptions on any installment or so-called "Two-Pay" basis whatever. Subscriptions sold in this way will not be accepted at The American Girl office. All persons are warned not to subscribe to The American Girl on any such offers.

WILLIAM N. CHEW
Circulation Manager

COULD YOUR TROOP USE \$100.00?

Girl Scouts of Washington, D.C. made \$225.00 and in Townsend, Mass. \$70.00 last spring by Fleisher Plan. The girls and their Councillors were delighted with their campaigns, and recommended it at the Convention in Boston last April. Wouldn't you like to make some money for camp early in the spring in this easy way? Then when camp-time comes there'll be nothing to do but to have the fun of it.

**IT IS EASY REALLY—BECAUSE
EVERYONE BUYS SILK STOCKINGS—ANYWAY
THERE IS NO MONEY TO HANDLE
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When girls played hostess to the President of the United States—in April



Why a Tailored Uniform?

Like Captain, like troop—that is why officers should set their troops an example of smartness and grooming by wearing a perfect fitting uniform.

Our uniforms fill these specifications, because they are tailor made. They are cut to individual

measure and in accordance with Girl Scout regulations. The cloth and workmanship are of the finest.

Prices and samples of materials cheerfully furnished upon request. Uniforms can be made from olive drab serge or khaki, as desired.

Write direct to
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Your Tenderfoot Pin

The shining golden trefoil may gleam on every necktie, because it is within the reach of all. Every Girl Scout may show she is a Girl Scout because every Girl Scout can afford to buy a pin.

Comes in the following styles and prices:
10K Gold (safety catch).....\$3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch)......75
Midget Gold Filled......50
New Plain Type......15
Old Style Plain Pin......08

National Equipment Department, Girl Scouts, Inc.
670 Lexington Avenue New York City, N. Y.

Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 36)

we had a warming dish such as thick soup or fried sausages. Then bread with butter, peanut butter or jam, and tea or coffee.

I wonder how you would like our camp meals.

After camp fire in the evenings, the patrol leaders had Court of Honour, while the rest went to bed. When everybody, including the leaders, was in bed, the Guiders brought round hot cocoa and biscuits. When all had finished, the silence whistle went and we had *Taps*, which is a good-night prayer we sing.

Yours sincerely,

Pretoria, South Africa. Peggy Baumann.

From France

One day a Girl Scout in Georgetown, Ill., sent us an altogether charming letter from an Eclaireuse (French Girl Scout) in Nice. For a minute we sat thoroughly puzzled what to do. We simply couldn't bear to have it translated. Then Gladima reminded us of a happy fact—the fact that so many of you had written to the International Post Box that you knew a little French. A little is more than aplenty, we declared gaily, and so here is the letter below:

CHÈRE CAMARADE: C'est avec une immense joie que j'ai reçu votre adresse. Je ne sais pas encore l'âge que vous avez, mais je vous dis le mien, 16 ans, et je vous enverrai la prochaine fois une photographie où je suis en uniforme, et où vous puissiez bien me voir. J'espère que vous m'enverrez également la vôtre, afin que nous vous connaissions parfaitement comme moral et comme physique.

On m'a dit en me donnant votre adresse que j'avais l'honneur d'écrire à une Eclaireuse. Je vous assure, Chère Camarade, que je sautais de joie car je crois que vous le savez, je suis aussi Eclaireuse. Nous pourrions, dans ce cas, nous raconter toutes nos occupations à nos réunions. Nous pourrions échanger nos idées. Moi, je suis dans la Section 3 de Nice, dans le Plan des Abeilles. Excusez moi si suis indiscrete, mais je voudrais vous demander si vous aimez être Eclaireuse, et si vous trouvez que c'est chic. Moi, je ne pense qu'à cela, et je trouve que c'est très chic, et puis avoir une Loi, une Loi exprès pour nous, c'est chic! Pouvoir la pratiquer, c'est encore plus chic.

Tous les jours j'essaye de pratiquer un article de notre Loi. Je n'y arrive pas toujours, mais je recommence jusqu'à ce que j'y suis arrivée.

Nous allons aller en pique-nique dans 15 jours dans une petite ville tout près de Nice. La aussi c'est chic, les pique-niques! n'est-ce-pas, Camarade? Comment trouvez vous tout ça? Vous me raconterez vous aussi beaucoup de détails sur la vie Eclaireuse.

J'espère que vous avez reçu, vous aussi, mon adresse pour que vous puissiez me répondre.

Sans vous connaître je languis déjà d'avoir une longue lettre de vous, Chère Camarade, car notre idéal est le même, et nous sommes pour ainsi dire, *soeurs*, n'est ce pas? et l'on est heureux d'avoir des nouvelles d'une *soeur* Eclaireuse.

Chère Camarade, je vous quitte car je vous ai à peu près tout dit ce que j'avais à vous dire, et en attendant un longue lettre, je vous serre bien sestralement la main gauche.

Une Eclaireuse de France.

Helen Nicola.

Nice, France.

Totem: Abeille rieuse.

Your Captain goes to the Convention—in April

Meditations of a Swiss Guide

Translated by ANN KINDERSLEY



Come out of your narrow room
Stop in the fields.

Be true,
Transparent as the waters of the lake
on a day when the sky is blue.

Be strong,
Strong as the rock which no breaker
of stones can shatter.

Be straight,
Straight as the poplar which stands
erect in the fields.

And simple,
Simple as the lark which has nothing
but a song that she carries up to heaven
in a burst of joy.

Seek Beauty,
Fail not to give help.

Obey this simple and yet complicated
rule; everything requires an effort; this
is a truth as old as the world.

Obey this rule and you will have gar-
nered two more sheaves of happiness.

And rich with these riches, and happy
with this joy, you will at last be on the
road to happiness, and find it on the
shining heights. You will see the laugh-
ing youngster dancing in the sunlight;
he will laugh to see you burdened with
your pack; he will take you by the hand
and say, "Now go and give out happi-
ness."

Look happy.
Smile happily.
Speak of happiness.

Do happily all that you have to do.

Flood with happiness all those who
surround you; it is so greatly needed in
the world. Never be afraid to give
away too much of it; above all, never be
afraid to be without it.

Obey this rule and you will have con-
quered Joy itself; the laughing youngster
who will dance henceforth at your side.



The Wishing Ring

*It isn't won just by
wishing, but it will be
your beautiful, con-
stant reminder that
you can bring all your
wishes true, just by
working in the Pin
Money Club*

An exquisite solid
gold ring, set with
a genuine Ame-
thyst, cut in the
newest fashion,
smooth on top, with
facets beneath to
catch and reflect the
light in a thousand
amethystine prisms.

IF you ever meet a girl wearing this beautiful ring, and perhaps a diamond and sapphire Bar Pin, a swagger sports watch with the most attractive pigskin strap, or a tiny gold and pearl beehive pin, you will know she belongs to a big, delightful Club of girls. After school hours and during vacation, in every spare moment they have, these girls do the pleasantest kind of work for which they receive not only beautiful gifts, but also round silver dollars and crisp "Greenbacks." In this way they help themselves to meet many of their school and also personal expenses.

Indeed, many Members—Miss Dorothy Gardiner of Utah, is one of them—have nice bank accounts toward University expenses. Wouldn't you love to have your own money?

COME AND JOIN US

The gifts and money are here for you to earn to your own heart's content—in The Pin Money Club, a money-making department of Woman's Home Companion. And the start is so easy—just fill in and send in this coupon today.

MISS MARGARET CLARKE,
Secretary, Pin Money Club,
Department One
The Crowell Publishing Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dear Miss Clarke:

Please tell me about your Club and how I may be come a Member.

Name

Address

City State



The Finishing Touch to the Uniform—the Neckerchief

HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black and yellow—tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the trefoil seal. Only 45c.

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Girl Scouts, Inc.
670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Money for camp?—Earn it through the Earn-Your-Own Club



Are You a Bird Finder?

DO you know why we should learn about birds? Do you know the kinds of birds? The parts of a bird? Their habits, characteristics, coloring?

You know all this if you are a Bird Finder. The full requirements for this fascinating badge can be found in the nature notebooks

prepared by Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady, our Girl Scout Naturalist.

In the notebook you will find requirements for the Tree and Flower Finder badges too, as well as abundant note sheets of questions and answers for nature observations, and charts for coloring.

Prices

Three projects complete with cover...\$1.50
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Cover, leather, lettered in gold..... .50

Order from

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

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Don't You Want to Do a Good Turn For Mother, Dad and Yourself—All at the Same Time?

Here's an opportunity for you to help Mother and Dad get some of the Magazines they want, and at the same time get your own magazine, *The American Girl*, all at bargain prices. You may select any of the combinations listed below:

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(Both for ONLY \$2.00)	(Both for ONLY \$2.25)

The American Girl - - \$1.50 } All 3
*Woman's Home } for
Companion 1.50 } ONLY
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*These two Magazines must be sent to the same address

Send your check or money order to

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

Joyous Kupala

(Continued from page 32)

Nation and Holy Love of the Dear Country, for we wish to show our ideals to the forest people.

But the serious part of the repertory is already finished and there appears on the scene, or rather enters into the circle of light, a strange figure in a white, long garment adorned with ferns, with a huge fern wreath on the head. She gently brandishes an umbrella of fern leaves among which something is glistening and twinkling—is it an electric lamp or a glowworm, which has kindly offered its services to the guide-fairy on that exceptional night full of mysteries? We are now witnesses of "a dance of ferns" composed by the skillful Hare.

Now there follow one after the other many displays. A comical poem about the college is told by our chief court jester. A timid school-girl in a black apron and a big cocade in her hair endeavors to recite a fragment of a very well-known poem (a travesty) and makes purposely mistakes, stops now and then, begins again and declares at last she has forgotten, but she will learn it better for the next time! There remains still in our repertory "Symche Pedagog," who through the lesson of history relates to his Jewish pupils about the discovery of America, how the Carains had seen an approaching ship, looking through the perspective glass and joyously exclaimed: "Oh, we are discovered, our dear comi-voyageur, Christopher Columbus is discovering us." And again there appear on the scene dancers. First a gypsy in a bright dress and a bright scarf on her loose hair moves slowly among the smoke and sparks of the fire; afterward a smart boy performs the Cossacks' dance with wonderful sprightliness and agility, nearly sweeping the ground with his two long plaits. Further our eyes are fascinated by a black-haired Guide in a short white frock, dancing "a dance of flowers." At last the displays are closed by our brisk joyous Polish mazurka, executed by one pair; the *Farmer Gypsy* and the *Cossack Boy*.

Camping in Great Britain

(Continued from page 24)

Spaghetti savoury

Break up and boil in milk (half milk and half water) the required amount of spaghetti until quite soft. Strain, add some well-seasoned white sauce and some pieces of ham, cut small. Serve hot.

Apple or banana trifle

Slice some bananas into a dish. Sew some apples and sweeten, cool, then add some sponge cakes. Pour custard over the top and serve cold.

Yes, these are some of the things we English Girl Guides enjoy in camp. Won't you come over and join us for your summer holiday?

Save money—Two years for \$2.00

American Girl in Java

(Continued from page 19)

The bath is a queer bath. It is not like our bath in America at all except our sponge bath. There is a grate set in place where there is kept a lot of water. Beside it there is a bucket. It really looks more like a well than a bath. All you do is dip the bucket in and get some water, then throw it on yourself, and the bath is called well done! This Java bath is not always used by the Malays. The Malays have a lot easier way than that but I wouldn't call it the most sanitary. All they do is to take their wash or clothing down to the canal and bathe in it. They have no washing board so they just slap the clothes on the canal wall and it is done.

These people have some very good qualities. They are willing to work hard and do well and they keep their law well.

Now let us go back to the sweet country and to the palm trees and the rice fields and the flowers and ferns shadowing the beautiful road, and the little birds singing so softly and sweetly to the buzzing bees, and the butterflies, blue, yellow, and black and the golden sunset with palm trees dark against an amber sky. And to all the beautiful things great and small on the whole big island of Java.

FROM THE EDITOR: This story came to me with the following letter:

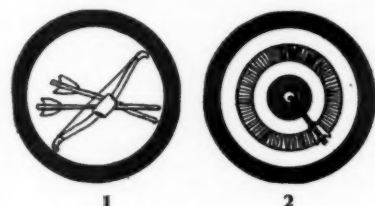
DEAR HELEN FERRIS: It was not many months ago when I was in America. Now I am in Java. It is so pleasant here. I never have been in so pretty a city. I thought maybe if I wrote a short article about Java, that the Girl Scouts might be interested in it. They are interested in so many things, I am sure they are interested in Java. There are no Girl Scouts here; if there were, I'd go to them. So I have joined a little club which has the same rules.

Yours very truly,

BARBARA JENKINS.

Which Archery Badge Shall We Have?

Your vote—with others—will decide



1

2

Designs submitted by Annie Hampton Medary
Troop 2, Taunton, Mass.

Send in your choice today to

The National Standards Committee
of the Girl Scouts,

670 Lexington Ave., New York City



THIS TRADE-MARK

is for your protection and tells you the fabric it is stamped upon is official Girl Scout Khaki.

THREE TIMES

to the yard this trefoil Trade-Mark appears so that you may know it from the non-official.

MADE FOR THE

hardest outdoor wear—durable, practical and moderate in price.

GIRL SCOUT

Khaki is the ideal fabric for uniforms and has been adopted all over the world. Girl Scout Khaki is good khaki. It is "Colonial Mills Khaki."

ORDER FROM

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

A Mother of the Stream

(Continued from page 11)

a fighter by nature. Wherefore, disregarding the loss of their comrades, the rest of the pack faced their grim assailant and attacked him with all the crafty science of their kind. Two of them attempted to circle back of the tiger, trying for that fatal slash at the hamstrings on which wolf and wild dog alike depend in a finish fight.

As the pair closed in from the rear, the others hurled themselves forward in a wave attack which seemed as if it must overwhelm the lone fighter. Yet, with lightning-like springs, feints, and short rushes, the striped beast not only evaded

the wild dogs at his flanks but rolled the rushing pack back upon itself, by the speed and fury of his own charge. He seemed to be everywhere as he circled, dodged, and sprang, rending and tearing with every slash of his fanged jaws and at the same time countering so terribly with his steel-sharp claws that, almost before the fight had fairly begun, it was over. All in a moment the whole dingo pack, unbelievably gashed and scored, were in full flight, howling as they ran and leaving behind them three of their number, victims of the fierce speed and strength of their opponent. Down the stream the duckbill family swam to safety.

The Earn-Your-Own Club will bring you money for what you want



Irene Stands On Her Own Feet

By DOROTHY WILLIAMS

"OH, MOTHER," cried Irene, rushing into the house after school, "the girls have been planning for camp this afternoon—and we're all going to have such fun! I can hardly wait to begin to get my duffle packed with all the things I'm going to take with me." She rattled on enthusiastically, not noticing the sober look on her mother's usually bright, cheerful face.

"I'm afraid, dear, that you mustn't count on taking too many extras with you. It's about all your Daddy and I can manage to pay the actual cost of camp, and your carfare there and back. You know we can't afford as much as some of the other people here."

Irene looked the disappointment she felt. But she walked away, trying to be cheerful. She was thinking. She recalled the afternoon at school—Sallie's happy talk about the new wrist watch with an illuminated face, and Peg's enthusiastic description of the flashlight her father was going to get her for camp. How could she get along without these things—she didn't see just how she could. Camp wouldn't be half so much fun if she had to be without the things the others had.

Idly she thumbed through the pages of her latest copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. She looked especially wistfully at the Camp pictures. Suddenly she stopped. Seven words drew her eyes like a magnet—"You can earn the money for these." And under the words were pictures of the very wrist watch she wanted—and also the flashlight and

several other things she had been longing for.

Fascinated, Irene read on. She discovered that she needn't ask poor, hard-working, loving Mother and Dad for her camp equipment—she could earn it herself by joining the "Earn Your Own Club" and securing subscriptions for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. This was great—maybe she could have those things for camp after all. So she filled out a coupon like the one below, and mailed it. In a few days she received a letter from *THE AMERICAN GIRL* telling her what to do to get the things she wanted.

At once Irene began to think of people who would be interested in subscribing. She took her own magazine to school with her and passed it around. Several girls wanted it, and she took their subscriptions. Then she met Mrs. Brown, who was wondering what to give her niece for her birthday—another subscription! Mr. Crane at the bank was glad to take a subscription for his daughter who was away at school. Before the day was over, Irene had secured five subscriptions.

The next day she secured two more, and the following day three more. By the end of the week she had secured and sent in ten subscriptions and earned enough money to make certain that when camp opened, the precious flashlight would be in her duffle, and the wrist watch carefully tucked under the cuff of her uniform sleeve.

YOU can earn money for your camp equipment just as easily as Irene did. Why don't you join the "Earn Your Own Club" now? This is your invitation and your welcome. Just mail the coupon below.



EARN YOUR OWN CLUB,
THE AMERICAN GIRL,
670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Mar. '26

I want to become a member of the EARN YOUR OWN CLUB, and earn money for camp equipment the way Irene did. Tell me how.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

Who is the wounded man at the farmhouse?—

Traveling with Stamps

By OSBORNE B. BOND

AS this is the International Number of THE AMERICAN GIRL, our hobby—yours and mine—feels thoroughly and happily at home this month, for of course it presupposes international interest from the very start. Needless to say, our hobby is stamp collecting. Do you know that you are just one of the hundreds of thousands of stamp collectors in the world? Practically every country on the globe is represented in this fascinating hobby. It is a lucky hobby too, for nearly all stamps of all countries are attractive. Many girls and boys in Great Britain, and even the entire British Empire, study with keen interest the fascinating stamps that they are able to show as part of their collections. Germany, France, Belgium and all of Southern Europe boast their many philatelists. From the dark interior of Africa to the land of the Midnight Sun we cannot pass a country without finding at least a few stamp collectors.

Suppose this month we take a flying trip to the different nations of the world on board that good old ship, *The Postage Stamp*. Let us first visit Canada. This is a country which does not issue a great number of different stamps. Since 1912 the type of issue has not been changed. Once or twice it has been found necessary to alter the colors of certain denominations to conform with the Universal Postal Union, but other than that Canadian stamps are still the same as before the war. We are promised a rather interesting set from this country in the very near future. This is to be a commemorative issue in which the history of Canada is told by postage stamps.

We reach Great Britain next. I wonder how many of our girl readers know that the first stamp ever used for postage was issued in Great Britain! Except for watermark differences, Great Britain has not made a change in her postage stamps since 1912.

We meet the opposite situation when we cross the English Channel and land in Europe. As all active collectors know, Germany and Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary have all issued many types and varieties of postage stamps since the Great War came to an end in 1918. As each new issue is prepared, thousands of collectors, all over the world, do their utmost to secure copies of the stamps for their collections. This, of course, means the selling of thousands of stamps to collectors which are not required to do postal service—a very profitable revenue for any government.

On past Persia—another country whose stamps are many and also very beautiful—we come to India. Perhaps I am personal in this, but certainly for me no other country calls up such vivid color, such gorgeous costumes, such picturesque and aromatic flavor as India, land of ivory and jewels and silks, of jungles and blazing sun, of temples with images

of strange, very quiet and contemplative gods, of fakirs and snake charmers, and—but I must return to the bright little bits of colored paper we call stamps. As in most parts of the British Empire, all stamps used in the Indian Empire, while of different types and colors, carry the portrait of King George V of England.

Crossing the magnificent range of the Himalayas and the high plateau of Tibet, we next arrive in China, that great republic of the Far East, with her millions of people. To philatelists, China should be very interesting, for her stamps are picturesque. It is well to note that of the several issues in use during recent years, probably the most unusual are the five different Air Mail stamps, which were issued in 1921.

Our next stopping place is on the islands of Japan. Yes, I'm sure I saw cherry trees and dainty fans and exquisitely embroidered kimono pop in to your mind at the word—not to mention the strangely beautiful Japanese prints, as the one in this very issue. If we open our album to Japan, we shall surely find there some of the attractive stamps issued by this nation. Especially beautiful were the Coronation Issue of 1915, the Peace Issue of 1919, and the stamps issued in 1921, to commemorate the return of the Crown Prince from his visit to Europe.

If we are to continue on our way we must again board a vessel and sail south to Australia and New Zealand, both of which belong to our frequently met friend, the British Empire. If you are a naturalist Girl Scout, you are bound to think at once of the kangaroo, the dingo, the duckbill and other animals that are found only in these large but isolated islands. With the exception of a few watermark and color changes, Australia and New Zealand are still using the same types of stamps which were issued nearly twelve years ago.

Again a steamer takes us on our way and we soon reach South America. There are many collectors who specialize in the stamps of South American countries. Brazil, Bolivia and Argentina, Peru, Venezuela and Ecuador have all given to philately the opportunity to collect many different varieties of postage stamps.

And now we are home. It is—should be—unnecessary to devote any space to the stamps of our own country. Surely every American girl has a collection of United States stamps which she can feel very proud to exhibit.

The most recent additions to the stamps which we are now using are the seventeen- and thirteen-cent stamps. The seventeen-cent stamp, printed in bank-note black, is of the same type as the twenty-cent stamp. The thirteen-cent stamp is of apple green color and is of the same type as the one-cent stamp. Woodrow Wilson's head is on the seventeen-cent stamp and Benjamin Harrison's portrait is on the thirteen-cent stamp.

Our serial grows more mysterious

Tip-Top Premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, fine stamp wallet, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land!), Gold Coast, Persia—all for 6 cents to applicants for *Tip-Top* Approvals!

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Nice pocket stock book, vol. 85c., with every order.
ANCHER STAMP CO.
148a Clerk Street Jersey City, N. J.

The Pathfinder Album,

50 Stamps and 100 Hinges Free to all Girl Scouts. Send 10c to pay cost of postage and packing. Have you some stamps which you cannot classify? We will assist you.

C. H. Hollister Mukwonago, Wis.

GIRLS!
EASY DOLLARS FOR YOU



With These Fast Selling Luminite Radium Pendants

HERE'S one of the easiest, quickest ways to make money for your troop treasury. Sell the amazing Luminite Superior Pendants (20 per cent. brighter than any others) at 25c each to friends and neighbors—and make a big profit. Just ask to place one in a dark room, and from 3 to 12 will be bought at once.

No more stumbling in the dark, trying to find the light. No more ruffled tempers and bruised shins! The glow of the Luminite Radium Pendants guides the way.

This wonderful device is easily attached to any light. Guaranteed for 5 years. Sell like hotcakes! Many girls make \$1.40 an hour, easily. Many families buy a whole dozen at a time.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply have your captain send name and address on postcard. By return mail we will send 12 attractive Luminite Pendants, made with Superior Radium luminous material and with full directions. Deposit with postman only \$1.60. Sell for \$3.00. Your profit will be \$1.40 on each dozen sold.

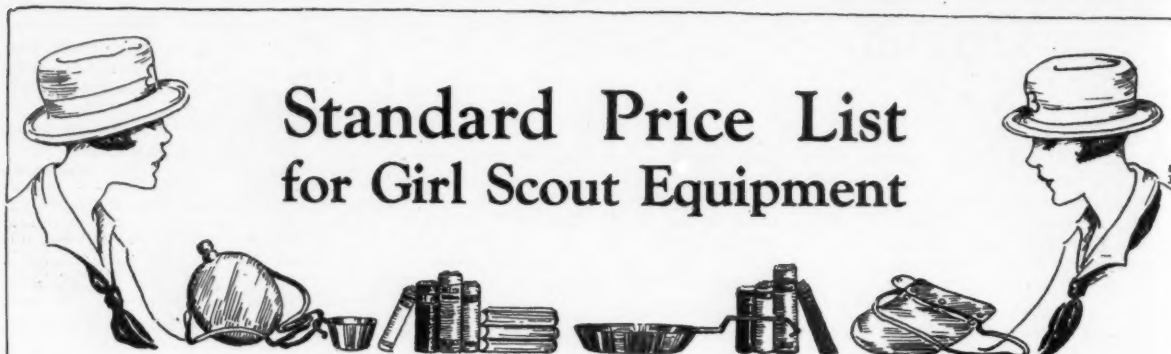
You risk absolutely nothing, for we refund your money at all times on any unsold Luminite Pendants. Act at once. Address the Luminite Corporation, 27 Scott St., Newark, N. J.

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Cut Me Out

and send me with your name and address to Dept. 3L, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and I'll show you how to earn extra spending money for yourself.



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective March 1, 1926

Uniforms			Pins		Flags			
	Size	Price		Price	American Flags			
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65	† Brownie	\$0.25	Size	Material		Price
	38-44	4.15	† Committee	.75	2x3 ft.	Wool		\$2.80
Short Coat Suit	10-18	4.70	†*Community Service	.35	3x5 ft.	Wool		3.60
	38-44	5.20	†*Golden Eaglet	1.50	4x6 ft.	Wool		4.60
Skirt	10-44	2.10	† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze	.50	† Troop Flags			
Bloomers	10-44	1.85	† Tenderfoot Pins		Size	Material	Price	Lettering
Knickers	10-44	2.15	10K Gold (safety catch)	3.00	2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.60	10c per letter
Middy—Official khaki	10-42	1.75	Gold Filled (safety catch)	.75	2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.20	15c " "
Norfolk Suit—Officer's:			New plain type	.15	3x5 ft.	Wool	5.75	20c " "
Khaki, light weight	32-44	8.00	Old style plain pin	.08	4x6 ft.	Wool	8.50	20c " "
Serge	32-44	38.00	Midget gold filled	.50				
Hat, Officer's	6¾-8	4.00	Worn by officers or Girl					
Hat, Girl Scout's	6½-8	1.60	Scouts when not in uniform					
Web Belt	28-38	.65	Senior Girl Scout Pin	.75				
	40-46	.75						
Leather for officers	28-38	2.75						
	40-42	3.00						
Neckerchiefs, each		.45						
Colors: green, purple, dark								
blue, light blue, brown, car-								
dinal, black, and yellow.								
Black Silk		2.00						
Green Silk		2.00						
Yellow Slickers	10-12	4.50						
	14-20	5.25						
Sweaters—Brown and Green								
Heather								
Coat Model	32-40	8.00						
Slipover Model	32-40	7.00						
Badges			Insignia		† Troop Pennants			
		Price		Price	Lettered with any Troop No.			\$1.50
† Attendance Stars		\$0.20	† Armband	\$0.15	NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter			
Gold		.15	† Corporal's Chevron	.10	troop flags and pennants.			
Silver		.25	† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron	.20	† G. S. Felt Emblems			
† First Class Badge		.15	† Hat Insignia (for Captain's	.50	3x4			35c
† Flower Crests		.15	hat)	.20	4x5			40c
†*Life Saving Crosses		.15	† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts	.15	6x7			45c
Silver		1.75	† Patrol Leader's Chevron	.15	7x10			55c
Bronze		1.50						
† Proficiency Badges		.15						
† Second Class Badge		.15						
†*Thanks Badge		.15						
Heavy gold plate with bar		3.00						
10K Gold Pin		5.00						
Gold Plate Pins		.75						
Silver Plate		.75						
			Songs		Signal Flags			
				Price	Flag Set			\$1.30
			America, the Beautiful	\$0.05	Includes:			
			Are You There?	.10	1 pr. Morse Code Flags, jointed			
			Enrollment	.10	6-ft. Staff			
			Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			
			First National Training School	.25	web carrying case			
			Girl Guide	.60	Single Morse Code Flag-staff,			
			Girl Scouts Are True	.15	jointed			
			Girl Scout Song Book	.50	Semaphore Flags (extra), per			
			Girl Scout Songs		pair			
			Vocal Booklet	.10				
			Piano Edition	.30				
			Girl Scout Song Sheet	.04				
			Lots of 10 or more	.03				
			Goodnight	.15				
			Hiking On	.30				
			Oh, Beautiful Country	.05				
			On the Trail:					
			Piano edition	.40				
			Midget Size	.05				
			Lots of 10 or more	.02				
			Onward	.15				
			To America	.25				
			Be Prepared—Girl Guide Song	.35				

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature		Price			Price			Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Washington Little House (Doorway)	\$0.02	Canteen, Tin	\$2.00
Brownie Pamphlet15	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)05	Compass, Plain	1.00
Brownie Report75	Per hundred	4.50	Radiolite Dial	1.50
Blue Book of Rules25	Girl Scout's Promise05	Cuts		
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)	2.00	Per hundred	4.50	Running Girl	1.00
Campward Ho!75	Series of Law Cards			Trefoil75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover50	Per hundred	4.50	First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.30
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year25	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50
Community Service Booklet—Each10	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"			First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90
Per dozen	1.00	"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"			Flashlights, Small size	1.35
First Aid Book—New Edition	1.05	"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"			Large size	1.70
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Any of above, each02	Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:		
Girl Scout Handfacts	2.35	Per hundred	1.50	Linen35
Health Record Books, each10	Posters—			Box of three	1.00
Per dozen	1.00	New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼10	Cotton20
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.10	Per dozen	1.00	Box of six	1.00
Flexible Cloth Cover80	Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)15	Haversacks, No. 1	3.00
English Girl Guide75	Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 1615	No. 2	2.00
Home Service Booklet, each10	Per hundred	10.00	Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25
Per dozen	1.00	Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 1110	1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide40
Knots, Hitches and Splices55	Per hundred	8.00	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide60
Life Saving Booklet15	Scout Laws			Knives, No. 1	1.60
Nature Projects—Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover	1.50	Size 14 x 1930	No. 2	1.05
Projects, each40	Size 9 x 1110	Sheath Knife	1.60
Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet10	Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris)	2.50	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.00
Star Project20	Scout Mastership	1.50	Mirror—Unbreakable25
Ye Andree Logge75	Short Stories for Girl Scouts	2.00	† Patterns—		
Pageant—Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each50	Tree Marker (not engraved)	8.00	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215
Patrol Register, each15	Troop Management Course75	Norfolk Suit, 34-4425
Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)	2.05	Poncho (45x72)	3.50
Plays—Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each15	Additional Sheets			Poncho (60x82)	4.75
How St. John Came to Bencer's School		Cash Record (15 sheets)	25c. package	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
A Pot of Red Geraniums		Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Why the Rubbish?		Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets)	25c. package	Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.15
Everybody's Affair		Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Lots of 5 or more, each10
When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottky)		Treasurer's or Scribe's Record (15 sheets)	25c. package	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)		Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Above six, each15	Individual Record (30 sheets)	25c. package	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Lots of ten or more, each10	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Aluminum case50
Post Cards—Set of Six (Silhouette)10	Troop Advancement Record	3c. a sheet	Girl Scout Stationery55
1 dozen sets	1.00	Troop Reports (30 sheets)	25c. package	Girl Scout Stickers—Each01
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)15	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Per dozen10
1 dozen sets	1.50	Miscellaneous			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1155
Building	2 for .05	Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	Sun Watch	1.00
Washington Little House (Exterior)02	Belt Hooks, extra05	Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)02
			Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair	5.50	3 for05
			4-pound grey	6.50	12 for15
			Bugle	5.00	100 for	1.00
			Braid—¼-inch wide, yard10	Thread, Khaki spool15
			† Buttons—Per set25	Per dozen spools	1.20
			10s—6 L to set—dozen sets	2.75	† Uniform Make-up Sets—		
			Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	Long Coat Uniform70
			Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size	
						1 Pair Lapels		
						1 Spool of Thread		
						1 Set of Buttons		
						Two piece Uniform85
						1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size	
						1 Skirt Pattern		
						1 Pair Lapels		
						1 Spool of Thread		
						1 Set of Buttons		
						No make-up sets for middies and bloomers		
						Whistles20
						Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

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670 Lexington Ave. New York City

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OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Charade

By MILDRED SMITH, AGE 12
Troop 38, Philadelphia, Pa.

My first is in Denmark, but not in Norway.
My second is in Norway, but not in Rumania.
My third is in Rumania, but not in Yokahama.
My fourth is in Yokahama, but not in England.
My fifth is in England, but not in Uruguay.
My last is in Uruguay, but not in Sweden.
My whole is the name of an animal.

An International Puzzle

This puzzle is giving Puzzled Jill a chance to brush up a bit on her geography lesson. She has by this time many Girl Scout friends the wide world over, and is reading over a list of principal foreign cities where some of them are.

The names of at least twelve of these cities are among the letters on the big board. Move as a king in chess, that is, to any adjoining square in any direction and spell them out.

On the smaller sign we see a rebus or picture puzzle representing the name of a country inhabited by black people.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

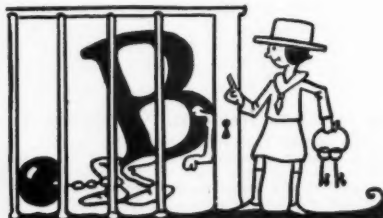
Female children.
One of weak intellect.
To cleanse.
One who loses.
The after-part of a vessel.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time transform TOWN into CITY in nine moves.

Curtailed Word

From a word meaning a cry, take away a letter and leave the richer part of milk. Take away still another and leave a word meaning to stuff. Another one off leaves us a male sheep. Take away one more and leave part of the verb "to be."



A Girl Scout Rebus

The above picture puzzle, or rebus as it is properly called, represents the name of a subject for which a Girl Scout can win a merit badge.



Puzzle Sum

By adding and subtracting the names of the various objects pictured above, make the name of a far eastern country.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES



VALENTINE PUZZLE:
The triangle was divided as shown in the diagram herewith. The answer to the smaller valentine puzzle is "Think."

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:

W O R S T
O Z O N E
R O M A N
S N A R E
T E N E T

ADD A LETTER: Jamaica.

A GIRL SCOUT REBUS: Laundress.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES: 1, Ada; 2, Caroline; 3, Ethel; 4, Natalie; 5, Madge.

PUZZLE SUM: Bed + ice - dice + acorn - corn + vest + one + R - stone = BEAVER.

WORD JUMPING: Dawn, down, mown, moon, noon.

Who is the wounded man at the farm house?—Can you solve our serial puzzle?

Ready for Anything—She's in Uniform



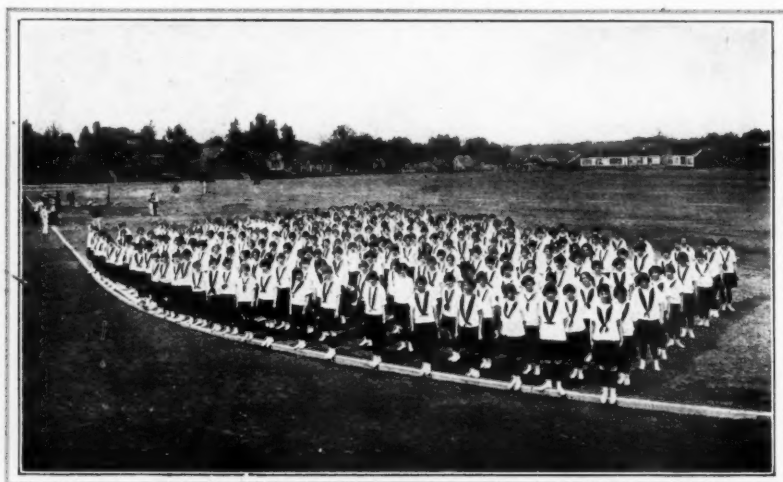
COMFORTABLE, durable, practical, inexpensive, smart. These five words describe the Girl Scout uniform. When you are clad in it, you are ready for anything. And you know then you are truly a Girl Scout, because it is official.

You can tell it is official by the Girl Scout squares on the collar, by the buttons, and by the trefoil trade mark, stamped twice to the yard on the back of the khaki.

See price list for sizes and prices

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT, 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

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At this mid-western high school— KEDS are the official athletic shoes

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Keds are made of some of the finest rubber the world has ever seen—grown on our own plantations in the East Indies. That's why Keds soles are so full of life and spring—and at the same time so tough and hard to wear out.

Uppers of strong canvas and a special Feltex innersole to absorb perspiration

make Keds cool and comfortable on the feet.

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